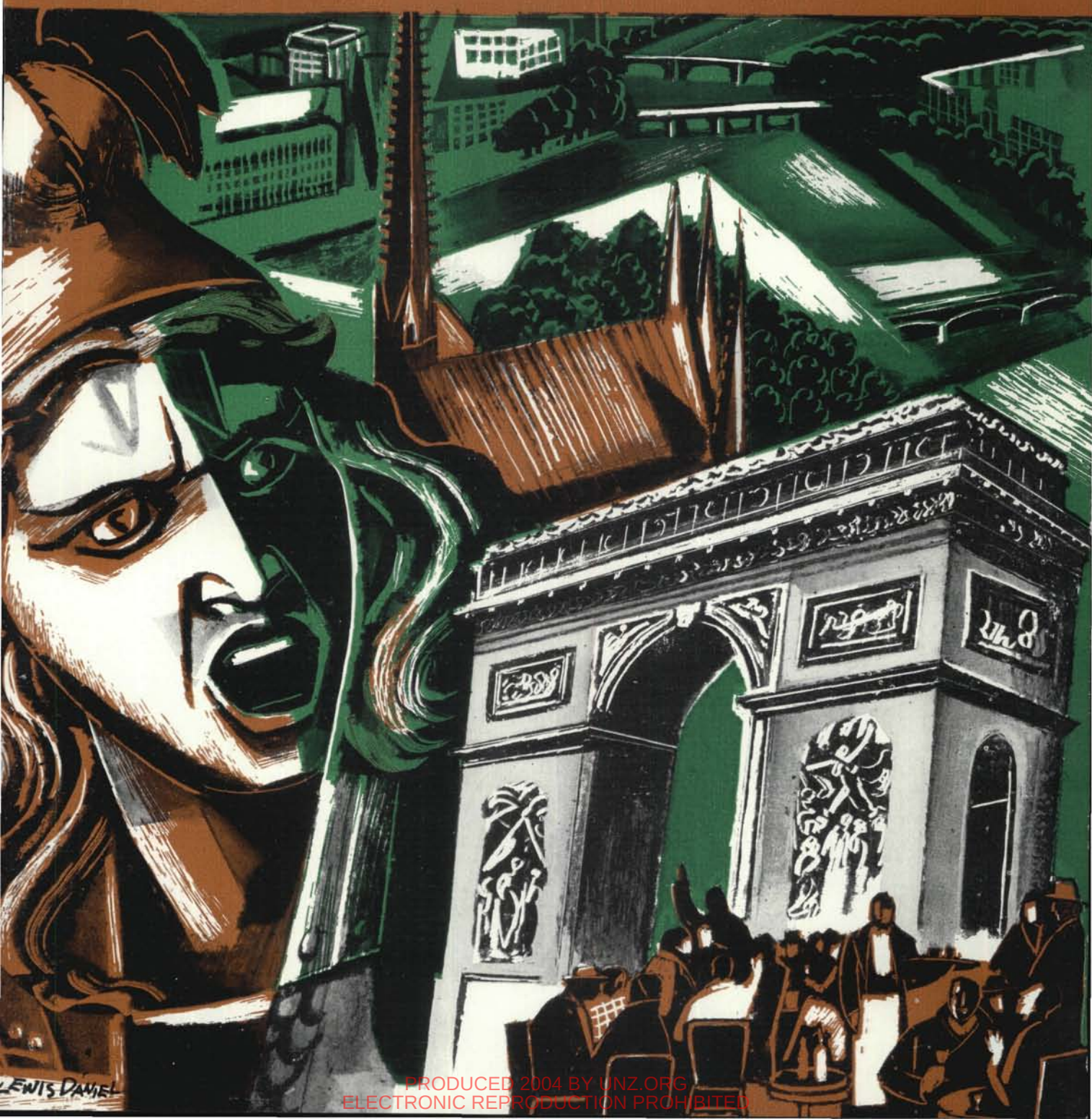
United Europe: Born Too Late?

The Reporter

June 24, 1952 25c



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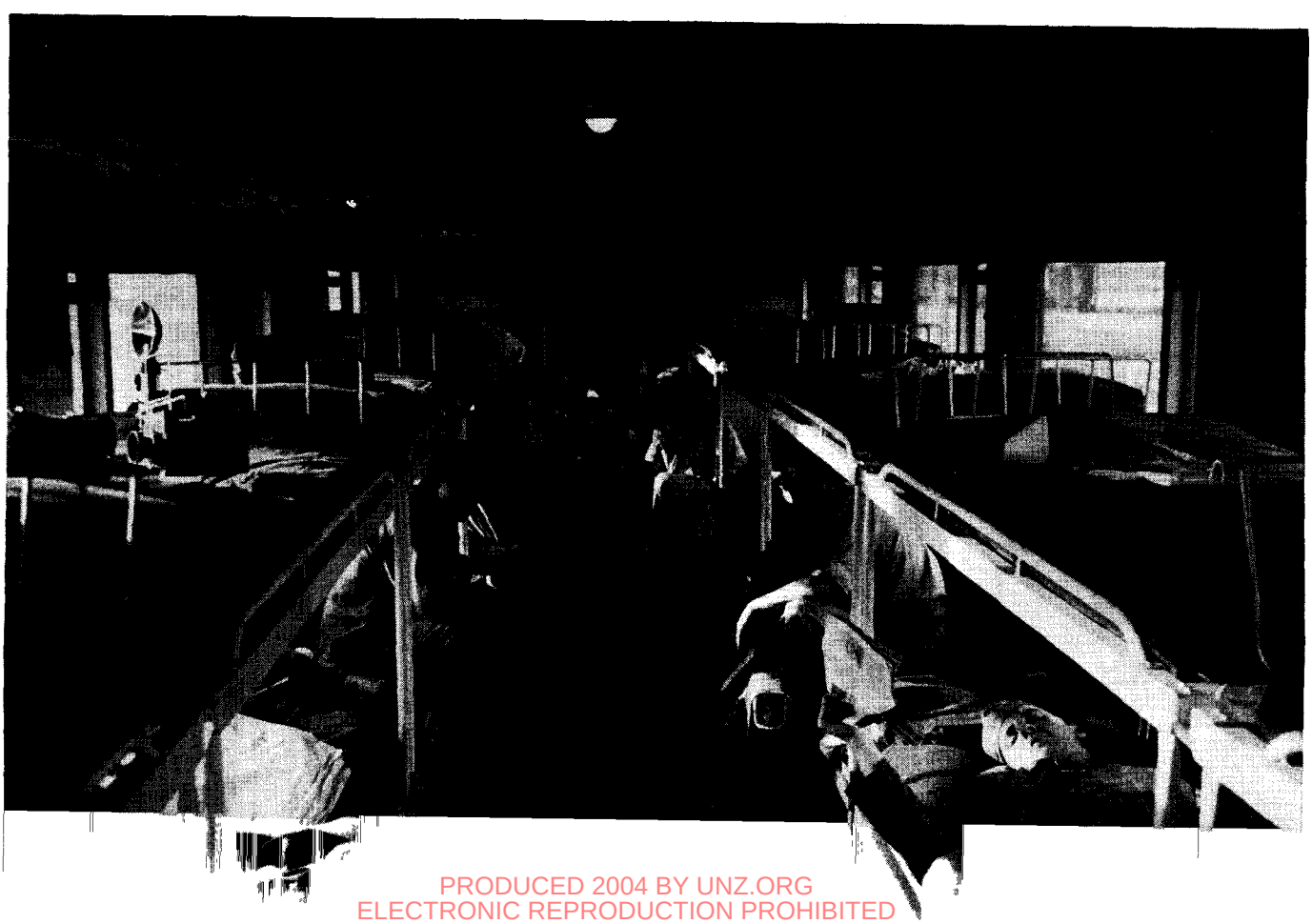
Correspondents in Korea: Above, an impromptu briefing; below, sleeping quarters in the train for newsmen covering truce negotiations (see page 21)



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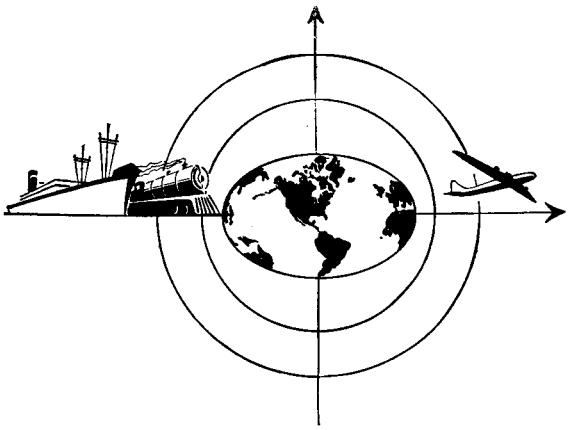

The Reporter's Notes

Calling the Bluff

The Taft Republicans haven't noticed it yet and they won't—at least for the duration of the campaign, no matter how hard the blows may be that the western democracies inflict on international Communism—but the fact is this: The democracies have regained the diplomatic and political offensive. They have been doing, one after the other, exactly those things that Russia keeps warning against, and they have been getting away with it. This diplomatic and political offensive is led—one scarcely needs to add—by the U.S. government and specifically by our State Department.

There was no more delicate operation than making peace with our two major wartime enemy powers and bringing them into our system of alliances. The Russians, whose anti-Nazism was interrupted by the Hitler-Stalin pact and whose antagonism to Japanese imperialism remained dormant up to the eve of V.-J. Day, have been trying to establish themselves as the champions of all those who suffered at the hands of the Japanese and German Armies. A decisive event seemed at hand when it was announced that Gromyko, escorted by a huge delegation, had been ordered to attend the San Francisco Peace Conference. Gromyko came, said something, and left. The only major event produced by his presence was that for a few days Secretary Acheson could be counted among the most popular Americans in public life.

Then came peace with Germany.

Reasonable people, no matter how impervious to fear, could not help worrying, for this blow was aimed at one of Russia's most neuralgic spots. The Russians don't like a Rapallo pulled on *them*. They have a formidable army and air force—perhaps not quite so crushingly superior as those Russia-boosters, the Taft Republicans, maintain, but certainly far superior to those the Allies have on the Continent. Moreover, the Russians have their own political armies in every Continental nation, called Communist Parties. If not the Red Army, certainly the Red "activists" would move.

They did move. There was, according to the newspapers, a near civil war in the streets of Paris for a few hours after General Ridgway arrived. It is impossible to imagine a more idiotic demonstration than that against the "germ general," but the activists demonstrated.

We all know what happened: In spite of Duclos' arrest, there was no Communist insurrection in France. Our newspapers published the routine pictures of swinging clubs, helmeted cops, and hysterically yowling youngsters. The dateline was Paris instead of Tokyo or Milan. But as usual, not much came of it.

The reason for all these rehearsals of insurrection leading nowhere is, of course, the fact that the Kremlin wants just that rehearsal, just that little bit of noise, with a few heads cracked—and no more.

The Russians keep control of and to a large extent finance huge Communist Parties in the major countries of western Europe—and, for that matter, in every nation where they can. The number of party members or party voters remains more or less stationary—a distressingly high number in Italy and in France. In the first years after the liberation, there were Communist Ministers in all the coalition Governments. After the Communists were thrown out, the party members and voters considered themselves vanguards of the People's Republic to come.

But what if it doesn't come? While the French or Italian Communist waits for its coming, month after month and year after year, life becomes singularly barren. He elects representatives who can in no way take care of his interests. In fact, it is as if he had thrown away his ballot—and his citizenship. Actually, he has this franchise himself. He is told, of course, that when the great day comes he will gain much more than he has lost. Only the men of the Kremlin will decide when the day is to come. The Communist voter may start feeling that he has been the victim of a confidence game.

More and more Communist voters in Italy and in France will recognize how crudely they have been befuddled by their leaders—particularly if the governments crack down, and hard, on the Communists and on their leaders every time there is a rehearsal of insurrection. This is not all the governments have to do to defeat Communism in their countries, but it will help.

Only a fool can deny that Communist power exists in Europe—the power of the Red armies and of the Communist Parties. But somehow, for reasons still unknown, the men in the Kremlin seem unwilling to use it. They seem more inclined to rely on threats than on actual tests of strength. The democracies, led by the government of the United States, have started calling the bluff. It's a risky game, but it has yielded results.

To the right-wing Republicans, of course the foreign policy of the United States is nothing but a ghastly failure:

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Just read the latest speech—any latest speech—of Senator Taft.

The Republican Air Force

Talking of Senator Taft, he must be thanked for having made crystal clear what until recently could only be surmised. The Air Force is the Republican (or Taft-Republican) branch of the Military Establishment. This puts our "land generals," with all their "old-fashioned obsession," right where they belong—in the bosom of the wasteful, spendthrift New Deal. We would not be surprised to hear, one of these days, that the Army is afflicted with creeping socialism.

INCIDENTALLY, we were somewhat critical of John Foster Dulles in our last issue, although, of course, our expression of disagreement was kept well in check by our respect for this outstanding citizen. But admirers are always likely to be more uninhibited: Senator Taft, in the foreign-policy speech he delivered the day Eisenhower came home, practically called Mr. Dulles a disciple of his.

After the Decision

The Supreme Court has said, unequivocally, that the President was wrong in seizing the steel mills, but the fact that the President was wrong doesn't make Congress right. Congress can be right only when, to the best of its abilities, it does its job of legislating. The President cannot legislate, the Supreme Court said; Congress must. The steel crisis revealed a gap—and a most dangerous one—in our legal system. The Supreme Court can check, but not suggest or inspire, legislation. With its decision the Court has recognized that gap. It must be filled, and with the least possible delay, for it is up to Congress, now that the President has failed, to bring out some legislation that may make it possible for capital and labor to get together and solve their conflict.

Unhappy Anniversary

A year ago, shortly before the first anniversary of the Korean War, George Barrett said in a *Reporter* article: "The 'democracy' that the Koreans are seeing these days is hardly likely to make lasting converts out of them. Syngman Rhee is doing his cause grave harm by defaulting on true democracy."

Unfortunately, this seems to be just as true today, as we approach the second anniversary of the North Koreans' invasion of South Korea. While the truce talks have labored along, Syngman Rhee has pursued his own unique foreign and domestic policies, with no attention whatever to the polite protests of his allies. His foreign policy has consisted mainly of the refusal to believe that the truce talks can lead to any good and the conviction that Korea must be reunified by force of arms if necessary. His domestic policy has been distinguished by his treatment of the elected representatives of the Korean people like a group of retrograde kindergarteners. Legislators have been ignored, insulted, and imprisoned.

There is one thing we can say for Rhee that can't always be said for our own political representatives in that part of the world: He knows his own mind. When the U.N. Commission for the Unification and Rehabilitation of Korea protested Rhee's recent arrest of twelve legislators and his imposition of martial law in Pusan, one of his spokesmen came right back with an announcement that the United Nations had no right to "meddle" in Korea's internal affairs. No gap exists between Rhee's military and political objectives: He wants all of our troops he can get, and no advice.

Individualists

We are indebted to *Human Events,* a Washington newsletter, for information about the most recent project of William F. Buckley, Jr., author of *God and Man at Yale.* It is the Intercollegiate Society of Individualists.

"The I.S.I. is dedicated to the proposition that ideas have consequences, that our present push toward Socialism is the result of student indoctrination which began with the extra-curricular Socialistic clubs on our campuses forty years ago, and that the way to counteract this trend is to start counterfires," says *Human Events.* "The plan of the I.S.I. is to foment the organization of campus cells for the study and discussion of Individualistic ideas and theories. Speakers who are qualified to explain Adam Smith, Locke, Albert J. Nock, Charles Graham Sumner, the classical economists, the principle of limited government and such subjects, and to relate theory to current events, will be offered to these clubs. . . . But the organization and activities of the clubs will be left to the students. It is a long-range program."

The idea of the I.S.I. seems an excellent one; hitherto the path of the individualist has been rough and, above all, lonely. Now, apparently, he is to have congenial company, a band of kindred spirits free to think similar thoughts about Albert Jay Nock. It is good of Mr. Buckley to leave the "organization and activities of the clubs" to his individualist members, but some of *Human Events'* language is vaguely disturbing: "Start counterfires," and "foment the organization of campus cells" have a nasty, familiar ring.

Individualists, unite. You have nothing to lose but your individuality!

Academicians

The forty members of the French Academy wear green uniforms, cocked hats, gold braid; they carry dress swords. They hold their sessions beneath one of the graceful domes which mark the Paris skyline; the bridge crossing the Seine to their palace is called the Bridge of the Arts. Their association was founded by Cardinal Richelieu in 1635. They are "the Immortals."

The Hudson River is nobler than the Seine, the George Washington Bridge more imposing than the Pont des Arts, but when the American Academy of Arts and Letters (fifty members; founded 1904) held its "ceremonial" this year in Manhattan the academicians, in business suits, straggled onto the stage of the auditorium as if they were an inordinately aged high-school graduating class. They looked embarrassed on the caterer's chairs.

At one point of the proceedings, academician Douglas Southall Freeman, historian, presented a gold medal for history and biography to academician Carl Sandburg, poet.

"Dr. Sandburg," Dr. Freeman said, but obtained no sign of recognition.

"Mr. Sandburg," Dr. Freeman said, but Mr. Sandburg made as if he had not heard. "Carl," Dr. Freeman said, and Sandburg beamed.

That is the right tone for American academicians. No dress swords, no cocked hats. If it's "Douglas to Carl" it's all right—just as in that other American academy, the National Baseball Hall of Fame and Museum (founded 1939), it is still "Tinker to Evers to Chance."

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CORRESPONDENCE

'ANYTHING BUT ORDINARY'

To the Editor: I have just finished reading the article by Jonathan Daniels about Harry S. Truman ("H. S. T. and History," May 13). I have one criticism to make and it is a criticism I have toward many supporters of President Truman. I resent this continued attitude that Mr. Truman is an ordinary man. He is anything but ordinary. He comes from Missouri and never went to college, but I can find no indication in his political philosophy of either provincialism or lack of education. If he had been graduated from Harvard and come from New York City, his brilliance and strength would have been quite easily accepted instead of being characterized, uncharitably, as shrewdness and stubbornness.

This attitude smacks of a snobbishness and condescension that does not fit well in a democratic nation.

HALLIE SHAFFER
Seattle

[*Much the same point is made by Gerald Johnson in an article beginning on page 35.*—The Editors.]

VIERECK AND POGO

To the Editor: Peter Viereck's writing is smooth enough, even witty; his thinking is sound. His depth is not profound, but he hits hard at many points that are at the center of contemporary intellectual problems. He is an excellent antidote to the bawlings and the wailings of the anti-Communists, the anti-anti-Communists, and the anti-anti-anti-Communists. If all this is true, and I sincerely believe it to be so, why then did the well-chosen excerpts from his new book leave me completely cold? Why did his clarion calls for a "crusading spirit," "passionate commitments," "impetuosity or indignation or genuineness" come out flat? And particularly: Why so unimpressive when it is all too obvious that we are sadly in need of just such passion and spirit among young intellectuals? Mr. Viereck describes the intellectual apathy among American students and seems to suggest superficially that passionate commitments and the crusading spirit can be conjured up by wishing them to exist.

Can the fault be attributed to the students, or is it inherent in the times? How can we commit ourselves when our country is fighting a war in which it is doing its level best not to make a total commitment? How are we to react to the daily public repentance of those who once totally committed themselves? Is there really a more stimulating candidate up for President than Pogo (who is being plugged here at Harvard with greater fervor than any of the others)? What standard do we have to show us that it is more exciting to discuss Toynbee over a round of beers than to raid the girls' dormitory for a batch of brassieres and panties? I cannot answer these questions any better than Mr. Viereck, but I think they should be asked.

I believe that students today have more difficulty communicating with one another than in the era just past. There is no unspoken vital relationship among them, no common current running through their minds. The trouble is not that the issues we face are too big or too complex. Intellectuals have faced similar issues before. It is perhaps better to say that we are floating in a kind of limbo between the past and future, which is not yet the present. Perhaps this is due to the fact that today's young intellectuals have been left in the backwash of the New Deal.

There is a turning inward. What we are consulting there is hard to say. Some, let us pray, must be laying their own foundations, constructing their own systems and certainties, seeking their own gods.

DAVID S. HOOPES
Cambridge, Massachusetts

THE CHAMBERS BOOK

To the Editor: Before I spend $5.00 and two or three weeks of my time reading *Witness* by Whittaker Chambers, I am determined to size up all the reviews and decide whether it's worth the price. So far, I have seen nothing in *The Reporter* about the book.

WALDO HEIMERT
Boston

[*Max Ascoli's essay on Whittaker Chambers will appear in the next issue of* The Reporter; *both the book and its reception will be appraised.*
—The Editors.]

CHINA LOBBY FOOTNOTE

To the Editor: General Clare Chennault told me and one of my reporters, David Lyle, in an interview last night, that you should have published one more issue in your China Lobby series, so that you could tell "who backs the anti-China Lobby group." He said he didn't have any idea who backs this alleged anti-China Lobby faction, adding that it's "probably a leftist Communist group whose financial angel is [Frederick Vanderbilt] Field." Then he called off the names of John Carter Vincent, John Service, Alger Hiss, and Owen Lattimore, without giving any explanation or elaboration.

Chennault said it's true that the Nationalists, through the medium of the China Lobby (which he did not deny exists), are spending "some money in Washington, but not one one-hundredth as much as the anti-China Lobby. Kung may have spent some money, but Soong didn't spend much.

"If *The Reporter* wants to include me with Soong, Kohlberg, Kung, Mme. Chiang, the Generalissimo, that's all right with me. I'm proud to be associated with that gang," Chennault said.

As to *The Reporter's* revelation of his and Whiting Willauer's dealings with the C.A.T. [China Air Transport], Chennault affirmed that UNRRA put up the money and turned it over to CNRRA [China National Relief and Rehabilitation Administration], but he "paid it all back, which is more than any outfit that got similar relief has done.

"I was in competition with government airlines and charged lower rates," he added.

The General was pleased with the caricature of himself in *The Reporter*. "The minute I saw it," he said, "I said to myself, 'There's an old refugee from Louisiana.'

"I don't think any U.S. funds were misappropriated in China," Chennault said. "There may have been some speculation based on inside knowledge of the markets, but I don't think there was any embezzlement. But we have the same thing here."

Reminded of the incident when the Nationalists bought soybeans on the Chicago market five days before the outbreak of the Korean War, Chennault declared that Chiang had warned the U.S. that Korea "was gonna bust loose" and that so far as he was concerned, the Chinese who bought the soybeans "were good businessmen."

Why didn't Chiang chase the Reds out when he had a two-to-one superiority in troops? Chennault maintained that Marshall's bringing truce to China put "Chiang over a barrel just when he had the Reds on the run." This gave the Reds a chance to build up their forces and overpower Chiang, the General asserted.

Chennault drove over from his Monroe, Louisiana, home yesterday to be guest of honor of the Chennault Squadron of the Arnold Air Society (Reserve Officers Training Corps) at Southwestern Louisiana Institute, a four-year college here in Lafayette.

VINCENT MARINO
Managing Editor
The Daily Advertiser
Lafayette, Louisiana

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The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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in this issue . . .

The signing of the great pacts in Europe established the U.S. frontier in the Old World somewhere close to the Elbe. The pacts were a turning point in history, but they have not killed the old nationalisms of Europe. Our hope is that they will keep these in check, that they will, over the long run, quell what used to be the old clashes of European nationalism. The unification of Europe is menaced not only by the Left but by the Right, the forces which once helped lead Europe to ruin—Fascism in Italy, Pétainism in France. Sometimes the two extremes, Right and Left, are not so far apart—at least as far as antagonism to the free world is concerned.

Jean-Jacques Servan Schreiber is a correspondent for this magazine in France. . . . **Theodore H. White** has been doing a series of articles from Germany for *The Reporter*. . . . **Allen Raymond,** a veteran war and foreign correspondent, has written frequently on problems of the press. . . . **Lee Judge** served as public information officer with a combat division in Korea last year. . . . **Isaac Deutscher** is the author of *Stalin: A Political Biography*. . . . **Milton Bracker** reported from South America for the New York *Times* for four years. . . . **Warner Bloomberg, Jr.,** is an employee of the Inland Steel Company in Gary, Indiana. . . . **Beverley Bowie** wrote *Operation Bughouse*, a satire on the OSS. . . . **Gerald Johnson,** author of *The American People*, contributes frequently to *The Reporter*. . . . **Charles Wertenbaker,** former Foreign Editor and European correspondent for *Time*, left Spain in 1950. His novel, *Sons of the Revolution*, will be published in the fall. . . . Cover by **Lewis Daniel;** inside cover photographs from Black Star.

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MAX ASCOLI

The Ragged Edge

WHEN the great pacts were signed in Bonn and Paris, there was no merriment in the streets, no singing and dancing as there still is in France on the Fourteenth of July. Yet the new partnership between West Germany and the great democracies may prove as portentous as the fall of the Bastille.

If we look at the photographs of Acheson, Eden, Schuman, Adenauer, and De Gasperi, stiff and stern, we can see in their faces how precarious is the line-up of these five men facing history. They may be the founding fathers of a new order, they may march straight into oblivion. Acheson is at the end of his term of office; Eden represents what in terms of popular vote is a minority Government; the other three are struggling to hold the confidence of about half of their countrymen. For all five, and particularly the three continental Europeans, there is a hard battle ahead, to be fought first in the parliaments and then in the next elections. Their signatures may turn out to have been written in pencil, not in indelible ink.

The frame of mind of the two Anglo-Saxons is, of course, different from that of their colleagues, for in the United States and Britain only government leadership, and not democratic institutions, is at stake in the coming parliamentary and electoral tests. The three Europeans know that should their policy of continental union be rejected by their people, should nationalism once more prevail, democratic freedom won't have much of a chance to survive. Either they make a united Europe, or their governments—and democracy—will topple.

There is extraordinary daring in what these three men have done; yet these three devout Catholics are as far removed as they can be from the traditional type of revolutionary radical. All the same, they have challenged old ingrained traditions, like that of the enmity between France and Germany; they have taken a stand against powerful entrenched business and labor interests; they have flown in the face of history by attempting to create a new federal state—United Europe—without the surgery of war and revolution. The American Republic was born in revolution and war; the Constitution was designed to make enduring and workable the national union that popular insurrection and force of arms had achieved. There are few nations whose birth has not been marked by blood. If the nation is to be a democracy, popular suffrage comes next.

The new democracy of United Europe, on the contrary, must be ratified, directly and through the parliaments, before it gets a chance to operate. Its founding fathers are not, like those of the American Republic, former revolutionists turned legislators, but statesmen who ask their people to by-pass revolution and still make history. Actually, these men are the only real revolutionists of our time. But in our time the verbiage and ceremonial of revolution have been confiscated by the Communists, who call by that name the forcible return of mankind to the discipline of the herd—just as they call by the name of peace their unending war on civilization.

The major trouble is, however, that too heavy a burden has fallen on the people themselves. For it is now up to them and their representatives in parliament to decide whether the scaffolding so laboriously built by their statesmen is to be buttressed by actual political and military strength. The three European leaders and their followers think this can be done.

Actually, every continental European election these last few years has been a plebiscite on whether or not to keep democracy, conducted under the eyes of an implacable external and internal enemy who could, at least for some time, overrun every land in Europe. West Berlin is the living symbol of the whole of western Europe. The majority of the European peoples still prefer democracy. In the next election they will be asked the hardest question: whether or not, in the face of Russia's threats, they want Europe united.

THE Foreign Ministers now have their minds set on the parliaments, and the parliamentarians have their minds set on the electorate. Leaders, parliamentarians, and people look at the United States and Soviet Russia, for these are the two supreme powers on whom the destiny of the world depends. Ultimately, the choice before every European who goes to the polls, even in a municipal election in a remote village of southern Italy, is between these two alien, unfathomable powers. No wonder that a large number of voters become confused and follow despicable leaders who offer them any sort of pie in the sky, including the defunct Fascist glories. And no wonder also that in these registrations of popular will, a very large number of voters declare themselves against any further registration of popular will. The European democracies live very close to the ragged edge of majority rule, yet they manage to live.

This is the condition of things in Europe as the battles for ratification start. It's like a whirlpool of worries, the statesmen afraid of the parliaments, the parliaments of the people, the people of the Russians—or of us. We are certainly not responsible for the Russians, but we are responsible for ourselves. By the men we choose to lead us next November, we can make it clear to the European democracies that we will not let them down. At the present time, this is the best we can do for them—and for ourselves.

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Antoine Pinay

Premier Pinay And the Men of Vichy

JEAN-JACQUES SERVAN SCHREIBER

PARIS

ANTOINE PINAY has been Premier of France for little more than three months, and already the man Pinay is being replaced by Pinay the symbol—the personification of common sense, honesty, and simplicity. These virtues are thought to be governing France. It is as if the Mr. Smith of the film had gone to Paris instead of Washington. Not only M. Pinay's political supporters but a large part of the French public see in him a sort of reincarnation of Raymond Poincaré, who, a quarter century ago, roused the nation to a new effort, restored public confidence in government, and saved the franc for the time being.

The same happy view of M. Pinay prevails widely abroad. Swiss and Belgians applaud him in the newsreels; in the United States he is presented as a plain businessman managing French affairs with the old-fashioned directness with which, as a plain businessman, he managed his factory in central France. The theory is that France needed only such leadership to regain both economic prosperity and political stability. What is the truth behind this legend?

The "Pinay experiment" has two indisputable achievements to its credit. For the first time, de Gaulle's party has split on voting. A third of it is now supporting M. Pinay. And the Premier has brought down the free-market price of the twenty-franc gold piece—the black-market's standard of measurement for the franc—from 5,040 francs in February to 3,990 in May.

These achievements may not prove lasting. It is not impossible that the Gaullists could again become a unified political force; it is quite possible that inflation could soon start undermining the franc again. But, whatever the future, something has been changed in France: The entire line-up of political forces has been altered irrevocably.

A Gap and Three Bridges

France's economic position is well known: It must rebuild what the war and the German occupation destroyed; it must renew and modernize industry so that France can compete in the international markets; under the terms of the Atlantic program, it must furnish a powerful army—and meanwhile it must fight an increasingly difficult war in Indo-China. The gap between income and expenditure, in a budget of 3,500 billion francs, is about 460 billion francs—about $1.3 billion. From March, 1951, to March, 1952, prices had risen thirty-five per cent.

There are three methods by which the gap between income and spending can be bridged. The first, of course, is to cut down on spending. Up till now no one openly advocated cutting the credits for reconstruction or for industrial re-equipment. Such a policy would bring unemployment and prolong the housing crisis, and would be as dangerous to the nation's morale as it would be to the future of the country's industrial health. Also, since no Government dares to withdraw from Indo-China or interfere with rearmament, economy as a solution to the financial problem has been considered impractical.

A second method of bridging the gap is equally simple: You increase income by increasing taxes. M. Pleven and after him M. Faure tried to do this—and parliament threw them out. Parliament refused to vote new taxes on the ground that the country would not pay them unless some crisis showed that they were unavoidable. As Jean Monnet reminded Americans in April, the Frenchman is about the most heavily burdened taxpayer in the free world.

There remains a third method. You persuade part of the population to spend less and lend its savings to the state. For political reasons, no Government in France's recent past has even dreamed of this method as a practical possibility. The only citizens capable of saving from income without cutting into their budget for the bare necessities of life belong to the upper and middle classes. But those citizens will not make sacrifices or take risks unless they trust the Government that asks for their money. Because French Governments ever since the Liberation have been Governments of the Left—with the Socialists supporting them when not actually participating in them—the upper and middle classes have never trusted them. Only a Government of the Right, drawing its strength from conservative forces, could have recourse to the classic "liberal" method of state borrowing. With the Gaullists in parliament voting as a solid bloc in opposition, there was no majority of the Right on which any such Government could be based. No one thought a Government of the Right could be formed. Antoine Pinay made the attempt. To everyone's surprise he succeeded in splitting the Gaullist party wide open: Twenty-seven Gaullist Deputies supported him; eighty-eight remained in the Opposition. Now, for the first time since Vichy, France has a Government of the Right. That

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Administration has a single aim: to win middle-class support.

M. Pinay's Bet

M. Pinay's program is simple. First, economize on reconstruction and industrial re-equipment—especially in nationalized industry. This policy is violently opposed by the trade unions.

Second, bring down prices. M. Pinay has asked his friends the manufacturers and producers to join in preventing any rise in prices so that the nation will regain confidence in the purchasing power of the franc, a confidence essential to M. Pinay's plan for a government loan. He has been at least partially successful. During the last two months, prices have not risen; they have even decreased. But price stabilization is bitterly opposed by agricultural and peasant interests.

Third, to get the money from those who have it, M. Pinay hit on the idea of a "fiscal amnesty," by which those who have been hoarding gold illegally in France, who have hidden capital abroad, or who have cheated on income taxes will be forgiven past trickery if they bring their funds out of hiding and lend them to the state.

M. Pinay cannot be sure that the new confidence will bring sufficient results. If he fails, French finances will be in a worse state than before his experiment. The deficit will have increased during the whole period of the experiment and the fiscal amnesty and retrenchment on industrial re-equipment will weigh heavily on the future. Finally, the fact that the loan is based on the free-market price of gold rather than on the official conversion rate may prove to be, in Paul Reynaud's metaphor, "a stab in the back of the franc." For should inflation continue, the state will have to pay out on a sliding scale. And if private contracts follow the state's example and are made on the free-market gold standard, the threat to the currency will be great. Not before the end of summer, probably, shall we know whether or not Antoine Pinay has won his bet. It is also possible that politics may prevent the experiment from being carried to a conclusion.

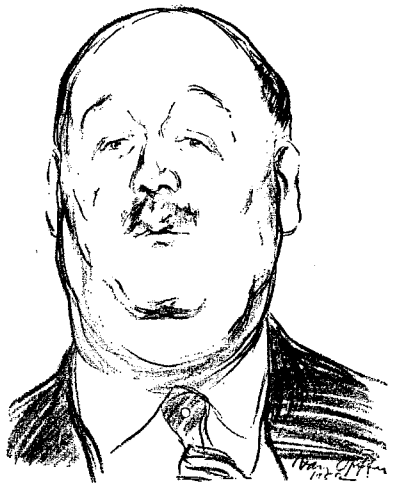
What are the political forces behind the Pinay experiment? Broadly speaking, it may be said that M. Pinay's brain trust and that part of the nation which supports his Government are the same that brain-trusted and supported the Vichy Government during its first two years, from 1940 to 1942.

Before it degenerated into being merely an instrument of Nazism, Marshal Pétain's Government drew its strength from the support of the French middle classes—small businessmen, shopkeepers, artisans, small manufacturers—but its policies were directed, ably enough, by a group of "managers" who represented big business.

Among these "managers" the best known were Jean Bichelonne, Pierre Pucheu, Yves Bouthilier, François Lehideux, and Jacques Leroy-Ladurie—all of whom were in the Pétain Government. The first two were dead when France was freed; the three others today are Antoine Pinay's close advisers. The Government's present financial projects were prepared by Bouthilier; Leroy-Ladurie is one of the parliamentary leaders in the Government coalition; and Lehideux—manager of the French Ford Company—is a member of the big-business brain trust now supporting the Pinay experiment.

The Importance of Flandin

These men are relatively unknown to the general public. On the other hand, the emergence of Pierre-Etienne Flandin as intimate private adviser to the new Premier startled many Frenchmen. The relationship between Pinay and Flandin is so close that many French newspapers are now alluding to the "experiment" as Flandin's. When the Premier took his vacation in early May, he spent it on the Riviera with Flandin, and the press printed photographs of the two men conferring.



Pierre-Etienne Flandin

And who is Flandin? He was one of the best-known political leaders of the Third Republic. Minister of Finance in 1931-1932 and Premier in 1934-1935, he represented the capitalist middle classes—and had direct and profitable financial dealings with them. He founded a political party, the Democratic Alliance, which represented the classical Right. But fame came to him only on the day in August, 1938, when he sent a personal telegram to Hitler congratulating him on Munich. He was the first politician to think that Munich should be considered not simply as a means of gaining time to rearm—many who justified Munich did so on these grounds—but actually as a first step toward active collaboration with Nazi Germany. Flandin's attitude forecast the policy Pétain was to adopt after France's defeat—it was endorsed by a large section of the French middle classes. Hitler wired back: GRATEFUL FOR YOUR ACTIVE EFFORTS TOWARD BROAD COLLABORATION BETWEEN FRANCE AND GERMANY.

When France fell, Flandin became Pétain's Minister of Foreign Affairs. He proclaimed: "A new European order is being born; were we not to take our place in it, the mistake would be unforgivable."

Later, the French Provisional Government had him arrested and tried. But because Flandin, at a very early stage, had stopped yielding to German demands as these became more and more precise and humiliating, he was not condemned to jail. He was, however, deprived of his "civic rights" and made ineligible for public office.

For a time he dropped out of sight and attended to private business matters. But a couple of years ago Flandin reorganized his extraparliamentary political party, the Democratic Alliance. Among the Members of parliament who joined it was a little-known Deputy named Antoine Pinay.

Echoes of Vichy

It is clear that the "Pinay experiment," in its present form and with its present program, represents a prudently camouflaged first step in the bid the men of Vichy are making to govern France according to their views. These men—Flandin, Bouthilier, and the rest—represent the great French industrial

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system, big business, and not the shopkeepers, small businessmen, and middle classes whose interests Pinay embodies. Their long-range program, therefore, differs from that of the Premier.

These men know that French industry cannot compete in the international market so long as French costs are at least twenty per cent higher than British, German, or Japanese costs. What they want is efficiency, and that means providing industry with modern equipment, abolishing costly distribution through middlemen, and closing down factories too small for mass production. This is a coherent and rational program from a certain political point of view. The trouble is that it is clearly not in the interests of the middle classes, whose economic existence depends precisely on that very margin of inefficiency which encumbers the French economy. And it is these middle classes on whom M. Pinay depends for political support.

For the time being, Flandin and the representatives of big business cannot do without this middle-class support, for their immediate aim is to keep the Pinay Government in power. Gradually, however, after they have placed the right men in the key positions, they hope to bring the "Pinay experiment" more and more in line with their program. The operation will take time. In French politics, time is a most hazardous element to count on.

Coalition Paralysis

Whether the present French Government stands or falls, French political life has been suddenly and deeply changed. Until Pinay, one politician after another built his Government on the same majority. He had no alternative. Unavoidably, he had to have the support of the Radicals, the Christian Democrats (M.R.P.), and the Socialists. With both Communists and Gaullists in opposition, the only working majority was a constant combination of Left and Center. But any Government depending on that majority was forced to conciliate so many divergent views (from those of the independents on the Right to those of left-wing Socialists) that it could only hope to stay in power by acting as little as possible. One Government after another found itself paralyzed—imprisoned in a coalition formula in which agreement on any positive program was impossible.

Marshal Pétain

All this was changed after twenty-seven right-wing members of the Gaullist party decided to support Pinay, who was thus freed from dependence on the usual Center–left-of-Center coalition formula and could govern with a new majority of the Right.

As long as the Gaullists remain split, M. Pinay or a successor can continue to govern with a rightist majority. The new alternative to this new majority may well be the formation of a wholly different majority of the Left.

Bolt from de Gaulle

What happened to the Gaullists? From the beginning, de Gaulle's adherents have been an ill-assorted lot. On his central committee are men of the prewar extreme Right—such as Edmond Barrachin, who belonged to Colonel de la Roque's Fascist Legion—together with men from the Left—such as Jacques Soustelle and Louis Vallon, former Socialists.

In 1947, these people gathered around General de Gaulle because of their conviction that France was headed for a catastrophe and that there should be a strong, disciplined party ready to take over.

For five years things have been going badly enough for France—in Europe, in Indo-China, and financially—but the awaited catastrophe has not materialized. Gradually the group around de Gaulle has grown tired of waiting. Some of its members have been impatient with their negative role of voting, like the Communists, always in opposition. It is probable that some of the Gaullist constituents urged their Deputies to get something done. It was the Gaullist right wing, composed of former Vichyites, that bolted to Pinay.

On May 1, de Gaulle reacted to the situation by appealing to the left wings of the Radical and Christian Democratic parties as well as to the Socialists. He promised to fight economic "liberalism" and the men of Vichy who back it. He sought to return to the social-reform enthusiasm of the first two years after Liberation, when the men of the resistance movement were in power and were busy with plans for nationalizing French industries. He called for a coalition to take over after the Pinay experiment failed.

It is improbable that de Gaulle's appeal will be heeded. It is quite possible that the forces of the Left one day will unite in a new front, but their leader will not be the General. Many observers feel that de Gaulle has now resigned himself to playing the role of elder statesman.

Christian Democrats and Socialists

The Pinay experiment has created unrest in the ranks of the Christian Democrats. Most of that party' leaders —former Premier Georges Bidault, Foreign Minister Robert Schuman, and others—decided to support Pinay, and several of them are members of the Pinay Cabinet. But the Government's rightist policy has greatly distressed and is increasingly distressing the party's rank and file, particularly the membership of the Catholic Trade Unions.

Early in May, the party's largest single federation, that of the Paris region, declared itself against official participation in the Pinay experiment. And the secretary-general of the Christian Trade Unions declared: "It is social reaction that is back of the Pinay experiment, as can be seen in the Government's attitude toward housing, industrial equipment, and the fiscal amnesty. We refuse any stabilization that is founded on social injustice."

Up till now the party has succeeded in avoiding a split, but the struggle between its left and right wings is acute. Already there have been occasions in parliament on which its left-wing leaders have refused to vote for the Government. There have been talks between Christian Democrats and Socialists.

As for the Socialists, for the first time since the war they are freed of the

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necessity to compromise. They are openly and completely opposed to the Government. One of their leaders, Edouard Depreux, has stated their position: "It is clear that a reactionary majority is in power. . . . We are against a policy that has turned its back on the interests of the working classes."

Danger to Foreign Policy

The French political situation is clearer now than it has been for several years. The Right is in power; the Left is in process of uniting to oppose it. This new situation presents a very serious twofold danger. The public may be led to think that France's foreign policy—Atlantic alliance—is a rightist policy. The parties opposing the Government's domestic policies may be led to extend their opposition to the Government's foreign policy. There is a certain irresistible momentum that works on parties when they are in opposition. They start out by opposing the Government on specific and precise issues; little by little a sort of psychological and demagogic pressure leads them to oppose the Government on just about everything.

That is what happened in Germany. The Social Democrats started by opposing Dr. Adenauer on domestic issues; now they oppose his entire foreign policy. It is what has been happening in recent weeks in Britain, where trade unions and federations have gradually been accepting Aneurin Bevan's position against rearmament and United States policy.

The same phenomenon is observable in France. Certain leaders of the Left who three months ago were Cabinet members and thus shared in the Government's Atlantic and European policies are now advocating a reduction in military credits, objecting to the integration of German forces within a European army, and urging a four-power meeting with Russia.

If across all Europe the Atlantic alliance has to be imposed by Governments of the Right against the opposition of the parties of the Left and the working classes, the alliance will lose greatly both in prestige and strength.

Fortunately in Paris today there are leaders both of the Left and Right who foresee and dread this possibility. They are working to maintain bipartisan support for the essential lines of France's foreign policy. They can succeed only if the Right that is in power does not plunge completely into reactionary domestic action and if the Left, in opposition, refuses to yield to the great temptation of demagogic vote-getting.

Germany—the Allies' Great Gamble

THEODORE H. WHITE

In May, 1945, Germany lay smoldering and paralyzed in defeat. Seven years later a German Government is quibbling over a peace treaty that gives their arms back to the Germans and makes them the allies of their conquerors. It is also haggling over—

Item: Whether Coca-Cola drunk by American troops in their regimental canteens should or should not be taxed by the German state.

Item: Whether the game and fish caught by U.S. troops should be weighed and counted, pound for pound.

Item: How much coffee and sugar American soldiers should be allowed to purchase at their post exchanges in Germany.

Such minutiae, coupled with questions of almost immeasurable portent, have gone into the negotiation of the general peace contract between the western Allies and the West German Republic.

No Pomp, No Circumstance

Seldom has the settlement of a great war taken place with less pomp and ceremony, less glitter and emotion. Neither the passions of the Versailles Conference nor the gaiety of the Congress of Vienna has attended the Peace of Bonn. The greatest of wars has come to an end in the dry, buzzing drone of tired technicians' voices. "You can't spin suspense over a fifteen-act play," said one of the negotiators, "and this play's been going on for fifteen months. We didn't dance, we didn't entertain; the only time the Germans asked our group out for a weekend of hunting it rained both days and we sat in the lodge and got tight. There weren't any major clashes or ruptures. It's been mostly a series of headaches; aspirin, not champagne, kept it going. You negotiated all day, you drafted all night, you came in in the morning with your draft, matched it with the German draft, and started negotiating all over again. When we got a day off we went home and played with the kids. The drama all happened before we started —or maybe it'll start now. We just filled in the dotted lines."

The real story of this diplomatic revo-

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lution lies anywhere but in the sprawling gray building on the Rhine flatlands occupied by the United States High Commission, where the seventy-odd negotiators have finally succeeded in burying the bargain of peace under a mound of detail. The story began in the terrible winter of 1950, when the United States became convinced that no adequate defense of western Europe was possible unless Germany was armed. At the Brussels conference of the North Atlantic Foreign Ministers in December, 1950, the three Allied High Commissioners were, therefore, instructed to return to Bonn and inform Konrad Adenauer, the shrewd old West German Chancellor, that Germany should now step forward to be measured for a uniform. The meeting took place in the snowy-white hilltop mansion of the High Commission, the Petersberger Hof. It was the last formal summons to the hill for Adenauer, and the old man realized that history had reached a watershed. His terms were simple: Germany would supply troops for defense against the Russians, but not as mercenaries—only as allies, on a basis of full equality.

So it was settled, as had been agreed at Brussels, that the occupation of Germany would be ended. Since a peace *treaty* was impossible because of the division of Germany and the formal obligations of the Allies to the Russians, it was decided that a peace *contract* should be written instead. This contract would work out the details whereby simultaneously a war would be ended, sovereignty transferred, and a new alliance formed.

Red Wax and Ribbons

Seventeen months and several hundred sessions later, four hundred mimeographed pages of detail have been signed, sealed with blobs of red wax, and adorned with ribbons, awaiting the approval of four parliaments. Whether or not these bodies ever approve the contract, it stands as a measure of the swift renascence of the most dynamic nation in Europe.

The present peace contract and a twin document, the pact of the European Defense Community, serve best as mirrors of the position that Germany has today won back in the Atlantic world. The contract is a temporary document, which will serve only until Germany is unified again—or is strong enough to demand revision. At its core lie two political decisions—the first on German sovereignty, the second on the nature of the military alliance.

By the contract, the occupiers give West Germany sweeping—but not total—internal sovereignty. All West Germans are now subject to its law courts alone, as are all aliens within its borders except uniformed troops of the alliance. West Germany will enact its laws with no foreign veto; it can make treaties and appoint ambassadors to any state in the world (including Red China) with the exception of the Soviet Union. There can be no increase in foreign troops stationed on West Germany's soil except with the Republic's consent. Its sovereignty is clipped here and there by what the Allies call "insurance clauses": West Germany agrees that in any eventual peace settlement with Russia, the three western powers shall (with Bonn's participation) negotiate Germany's unification; West Germany further agrees that in the emergency of a Nazi or Communist *Putsch,* the three western powers may intervene to preserve democracy; it accepts the Schuman Plan and the European Defense Community; for a few months after ratification it agrees to accept the few remaining American trust-busting measures in the Ruhr—at least until the Schuman Plan comes into effect.

There is no guilt clause, as in Versailles, and only fleeting reference to the war gone by. Industrial restrictions are lifted. Arms restrictions are swept out of the German peace contract and included in the European Defense Pact signed at Paris. By the later agreement, West Germany is permitted to make any weapon or gun at the direction of the European Defense Commission on the same terms as France, Belgium, and Italy, except for poison gas, heavy bombers, atomic weapons, warships over 1,500 tons, and bacteriological weapons. These restrictions are softly worded—they forbid production in "strategically exposed zones," an elastic phrase which is now interpreted as "east of the Rhine," but which soon may be otherwise interpreted. Under the agreement, no restrictions exist on Germany's right to conduct educational or scientific research into such matters as, say, nuclear energy.

The Military Terms

The military clauses embody a mutual guarantee. The western Allies guarantee the security of West Germany from invasion, just as West Germany guarantees full support to Atlantic defense. West Germany undertakes to raise and support twelve divisions to be incorporated into a European army at the disposal of the North Atlantic

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Command and to defray some of the housekeeping costs of British and American troops stationed on its soil.

This is the paper agreement. What remains is to sell this deal to the contracting parliaments. Always chancy, ratification has become even chancier, for the document reflects in no way the vast and rapid changes that have occurred in Europe during the months of negotiation.

Into High Gear

Of all these developments none is of greater moment than the tremendous surge of vitality now rising out of the furnaces and homes of the Germans. This surge strikes one as soon as one crosses the border from France to Germany. It is the tattoo of housing construction that has reached a rate of 350,000 units a year (Germany is the only country in Europe to match America's housing-construction rate); it is the contrast of old French barges with the new German Rhine barges, freshly painted, gleaming with brass, and loaded to the gunwales; it is the hustle in Germany's streets.

It is also a handful of unbelievable facts. Since 1948, West Germany has more than doubled industrial production. Agricultural production is up by sixty-two per cent and the average caloric intake per person is up by twenty-five per cent. The volume of West Germany's production now equals its best prewar years; employment is at an all-time high. Since the currency reform of 1948, Germany's exports have multiplied ten times; its dollar gap has decreased by two-thirds; its over-all foreign trade is in balance.

Some weak spots remain. Though employment in West Germany now stands at 15 million and is expanding by half a million jobs yearly, 1.2 million people (most eastern refugees) remain jobless. Germany is short of investment capital, and the government's tight-money policy keeps the boom checkreined on the edge of deflationary crisis. But these are minor blemishes —West Germany has recovered in spite of the vast and still abounding ruins.

No one knows where the ceiling of West Germany's recovery lies. A year ago, American experts figured that the upper outside limit of West German steel capacity was 14.5 million tons a year. This March, West Germany was producing at the rate of 15 million tons a year. Two once-dismantled steel plants are about to go back into operation—the old Hermann Goering Werke at Salzgitter and the August Thyssen Werke in the Ruhr. American experts figure that these will give Germany a total of 17.5 million tons of steel capacity in eighteen months. But some German experts figure they can squeeze 20 million tons a year from this capacity within twelve months—more than was produced in West Germany either before or during the war.

This impressive resurgence strains at the newly drafted peace contract. The essence of the peace contract is Germany's inclusion in a European unity, and the essence of this union is the marriage of Germany and France. But the marriage proposed two years ago by the French and approved by the Americans was one in which it was assumed that France would lead and

Germany trudge docilely behind. The new Europe of 1952 seems to be one in which Germany, not France, will be the natural leader. The realization has given pause to both the French and German parliaments—the one fearing it has already given away too much; the other fearing it has received too little.

The French Remember

The easiest way of explaining the divergence of the French and German attitudes is to say that the French look backward and the Germans forward.

For the French, the new treaties have meaning for the past as well as the future. As the settlement of a war, they are acts of unprecedented generosity and forgiveness—and they have evoked only the tiniest response of gratitude or understanding in many Germans. As the French point out, no nation has ever been let off so lightly after inflicting so devastating a war on its neighbors. West Germany has given in reparations to all Allies together goods worth about $500 million, most of which consists of the value of German assets seized abroad. (Bismarck wrung more than that out of France in 1871.) West Germany has received more than $4 billion in aid from the United States and Great Britain since the war. It galls the French to be reproached by the Germans and Americans for industrial backwardness—which they acknowledge—when, in their view, so much of this backwardness is the work of Germany. The Germans looted eighty thousand machine tools from France during the war—they have given back fewer than eight thousand. French memories record also the fact that the death toll the Nazis exacted was expiated with fewer than 300 executions of Nazi war criminals at the hands of the western Allies, after trial. Fewer than five hundred war criminals are held in jail in Germany today and another three hundred are held in France. (The peace contract will set up mixed clemency boards by which, it is expected, more than half of these war criminals may be released.)

In a sense, the French are victims of their own diplomacy. They undertook the great adventure in European unity in the spring of 1950, when Germany and France were equals in weakness. The year before the Schuman Plan was launched, France and West Germany each produced 9 million tons of steel a year. By last year French production had crept up only to 10 million, while West Germany had reached 14.4 million. The various French Governments had persisted in their schemes for European unity, and had sold it to their Parliament through six successive Cabinet reshuffles. They have persisted simply because it was France's idea, a good idea, and the only idea that makes sense. But whether the French Parliament will now finally confirm or repudiate this policy is something else again. The French, as one American said at Bonn, are like a man who has struggled inch by inch through the snowdrifts to the top of a long ski slide and then is suddenly stricken with vertigo looking at the downward swoop.

The Germans Forget

For the Germans, the contract reads differently. They feel that the partner-

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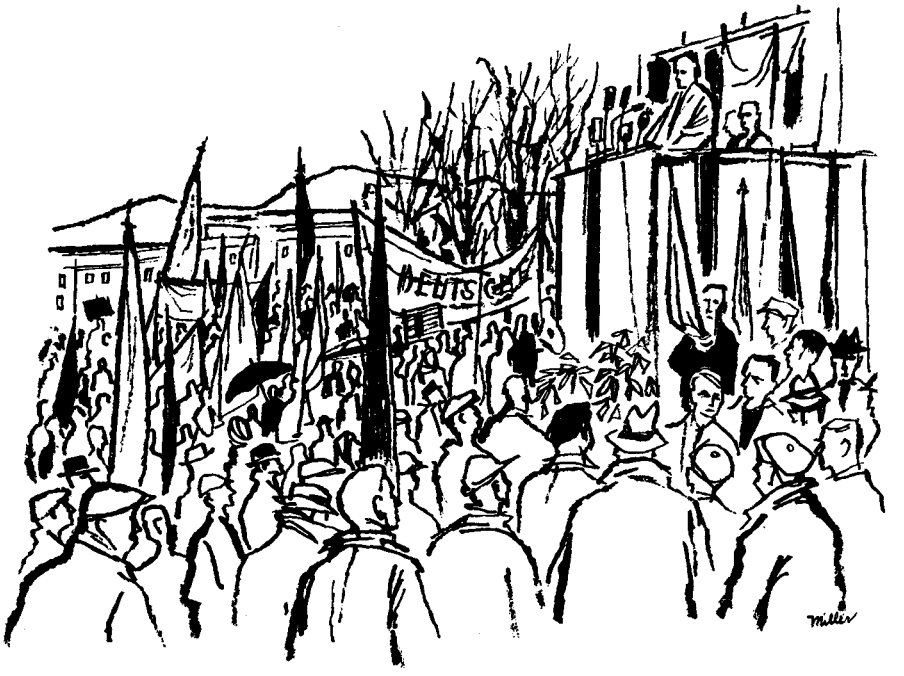
ship agreement concerns not the last war but the next. In this partnership Germany must be the senior member. The French economy is sickened by inflation; the German economy throbs in expansion. German politics is not troubled by internal Communism or a dissident working class, while French politics is. The French Army is strained to the utmost by operations in Indo-China. If German plans materialize, in two years West Germany may have more combat-ready divisions than the French in Europe—better manned and officered ones, too. The Germans would prefer to enter the alliance as a national partner in NATO with a national army and a national flag. Most Germans have learned one thing from the last war—Germany must fight the next one with solid allies. For Germany there is only one solid ally—the United States. If the United States insists (as it does) that Germany pool its destiny with France before being admitted to alliance, the Germans accept the dictum. But if France proves, as one Bundestag member put it, "a swamp that can't be drained," Germany must reserve the right to appeal directly to the United States.

Health and 'Horst Wessel'

The German renascence has brought with it also a vast, even if imprecise, change in the tone of German politics. It is as if for the first time in seven years, freed of the grinding, haunting worry of where to sleep, where to work, where to buy food, where to find clothes, the Germans can now turn a citizen's interest to politics. In doing so, they all come fresh to the arena of debate in a manner that some of their leaders find embarrassing, and some useful. One member of Adenauer's staff put it this way: "We've been working with the Allies for years and we know how much we're getting; we know this would have been unthinkable four years ago. We've had fantastic luck. But the people don't know—they never realized the extent of German rejection in the outside world. We know we're getting back in —they've forgotten they were out." A German Government public-relations officer made the same point another way. He was discussing with his Allied counterparts the program of publicity releases on the peace contract. He objected to some of the proposed phrases and wordings in the documents. "Don't you see?" he said. "Lots of Germans have almost forgotten they lost the war. This will remind them."



The fresh awareness of politics in Germany has scotched some of the most worrisome bogies of democratic Germans and western Allies alike. Never since the war has the surface of German affairs appeared more pleasing to western ethics. The illness of Socialist leader Kurt Schumacher has sharply curtailed the activity of Germany's most accomplished tub-thumper, and Adenauer dominates his country as never before. The Communists are a negligible splinter. The Nazi Right has failed to push any further those gains which in 1950 and 1951 so alarmed the occupation powers. It is true that Nazism flickers now and then—a post of the German customs guard is reprimanded for singing the "Horst Wessel Lied" in its barracks at night; a German town refuses to feed or lodge Negro students invited by the town's university for an international students' conference; the hard-core Nazi colony in Argentina seems to be in more intimate and direct contact with the hard-core Nazis in Germany. But these are, for the moment, fringe apparitions. The main avenues of German politics are dominated and almost monopolized, for the moment, by republican parties supported by an acquiescence that seems to grow as German well-being grows.

This healthiness of German politics is a solid matter for congratulation for the occupying powers. But it does not mean that West Germany will be a docile partner in western union, or will be contented with the peace terms offered it. The methods of republican procedure do not erase the deep national aims and ambitions of a great people—they do not guarantee that the Bundestag will cramp these aims and ambitions simply to conform to the desires of other republican peoples. On the contrary—the wide-open parliamentary procedures at Bonn, with their constant appeal to the people (Bonn parliamentary sessions are broadcast nation-wide), have shown a deep split among the parliamentarians. All of them wonder whether the peace contract is a sufficient down payment to buy full co-operation in western aims from their constituents, whether the frame is big enough to hold the image of German greatness and primacy they cherish.

The Socialist Line

The Socialists in the Bundestag, as chief opposition and nationalist party, are naturally and automatically committed to condemnation of the peace contract. They insist that if West Germany binds itself to the Atlantic alliance, it gives up forever the chance of reuniting the Soviet-occupied eastern provinces of the nation. The Schumacher Socialists believe, in essence, that Germany is strong enough to go it alone and would get better terms out of the Soviets as an independent balancing force in Europe than it would

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by dealing with the Soviets as part of the western bloc. This line, the easiest to pitch for a mass audience, is the crudest, simplest formulation of Germany's basic choices.

Much more important than Socialist opposition, however, are the crosscurrents of opinion within the Adenauer coalition—the coalition that must be relied on to accept or reject ratification. If Adenauer could explain himself privately, which he cannot do, he might say simply: "What we are getting is more, much more, than we could have hoped for. We are getting back full control of our own citizenry and laws; reparations are to be forgotten; the armies that have occupied us are getting out—not in the flesh but in the spirit. The troops who will remain will be circumscribed by rules of our making and committed to our defense at the vast expense of others. We do not want them to go and leave us naked in the face of Russia anyway. It would have been nice to have got them cheaper, but we need them now. The clauses of European unity and emergency intervention are not, in themselves, bad either—for they protect us against internal *Putsches* while at the same time opening all western Europe to our enterprise."

Wounds of Pride and Pocketbook

But Adenauer's two right-wing partners in the coalition—the Free Democratic Party and the German Party—as well as some of his own Christian Democrats see things differently. They see not the area of Allied concession but the zone of Allied restriction. Their opposition centers on two main areas of denunciation—roughly classified as the "optical injuries" and the "substantive burden."

The optical injuries are all those clauses of the contract which, however smoothly worded, scratch at German pride. Why, clamors the German opposition, must it be written down that West Germany must support west Berlin? Naturally west Berlin will be supported. It is insulting to put it in writing. Why do the war criminals have to remain in jail?—most were German soldiers, and if they did wrong it was in defense of and by the order of the state. Why, ask the businessmen, does this nonsense of decartelization have to linger for even a few months? "Why," asked a spokesman of the Free

Democratic Party, "should it be put in writing that the West can intervene in an emergency to preserve democracy in Germany? Why not have it written down also that we can intervene in a French emergency to preserve democracy in Paris?" These "optical injuries" may seem trivial—but the political emotions they arouse are hard facts. Next year is an election year, and no man wants to campaign on the basis of a peace contract that the Socialists will denounce as a "new Versailles." As Germany grows in power, some day even this contract may be rewritten. Why put one's name to a document, however generous, whose revision will be the new perspective of German politics in a few years?

The substantive burden is even more difficult for the German Bundestag to swallow. To have an army and to be partners in a European unity is fine. But paying for these ideals is something else again. The Germans, who thought that the end of the occupation would reduce the military costs of occupation, now find that their new army will absorb all the reduction and a great deal more besides. Up to now their recovery has been speeded by a lesser burden of arms and defense taxes than that of any other major country in the western world. Now, if the bargain goes through, they must pay heavily for their dignities and new forces.

NATO recommended in January that Germany's defense contribution should be 10.2 billion marks. The Germans have accepted this figure—what they have argued about is how much of this sum shall be allotted to Allied armies in Germany for occupation costs and how much shall go to their own German divisions. The Germans have insisted so stubbornly on paring their support of Allied armies to a minimum that the British have threatened to withdraw one armored division from the front if the Germans get their way. At this writing, the division of Germany's payments is still unsettled—as is the even graver problem of who will pay the 20 billion marks (almost $5 billion) for the heavy arms that the new German divisions will need and for which no allowance has been made in anyone's budget.

'Featherweight of Hope'

The atmosphere of Bonn, as one descends the echelon of negotiations from the High Commissioners to the technicians, increases in its quality of misgiving, doubt, and questioning. I can remember only a remote and distant phrase to summarize the general attitude of the working Allied negotiators. In the last week of the Second World War, when the Soviets invaded Manchuria, I asked one of the officials of the Chinese Foreign Ministry for comment. Said he, "China welcomes the entry of Russia as an ally with a heavy heart." So might be paraphrased the comment of dozens of negotiators at Bonn, "The West welcomes Germany as an ally with a heavy heart." All men involved in the negotiations recognize the enormous risks, but few would go back on the bargain. One American said, "This deal was written by a bunch of guys in whose minds just a featherweight of hope swung the balance *for* rather than against."

Each of the Allies has taken a separate and sharply individual attitude to the problem of German renascence. The British attitude is one of total perplexity and confusion. Having fought Germany longer in this century than any other people in the world, the British have, to be sure, a deep interest in its future; but they lack any broad policy beyond a stubborn pounds-and-pence resistance to any shaving of Germany's contribution to the occupation armies. The British realize they lack a policy. "Put it this way," said a British political officer. "From the moment you Americans decided you wanted a strong Germany, it became impossible for us to have a policy. When we support you strongly, we antagonize the French; when we hang back to please the French, we offend you."

The French and American attitudes in Bonn are perhaps the most illumi-

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nating in their divergence. For the Americans, Nazism was the original menace. Under John McCloy, the Americans have probably waged the most sincere and effective anti-Nazi campaign of all the occupying powers. With the industrial recovery, so largely financed and controlled by the United States through its critical years, has come a seeming political healthiness that has made Americans—at least on high levels—consider their policy successful. Americans have ceased to shudder at the words "Dachau" and "Prussian militarism"; they turn to face the greater immediate menace to the east.

The French attitude is different. Remove the Nazis, say the French, and you still have Germany. The term they use to describe what has happened in Germany since the war is one they borrow from the *avant-garde* German intellectuals: They call it the Restoration. What has been restored is the solid, meaty *bürgerliche* Germany of pre-Hitler days, where democracy functioned through interlocking systems of authority. In form, the German

trade unions are the most democratic in Europe; in practice, they are the most authoritarian and boss-ridden in the western world. The churches—both Evangelical and Catholic—rest on pyramids of authority, as in a lesser way do schools and families. The Restoration has restored, too, the sense of Germany's latent greatness, the sense of *Deutschtum* that goes back a century. Germany has no borders today, and thus the Restoration mind preoccupies itself with the question of borders. The French are certain that the Restoration mind will demand the return of the Saar; beyond that, say the French, the Restoration seeks Austria and the eastern provinces; and beyond them, perhaps Africa, unless the Schuman Plan proves a satisfactory outlet.

The Great Gamble

The Americans in Bonn are inclined to agree with the French that this summer is the time of the great gamble. They disagree only on what the wager is. The Americans feel that the gamble is on Russia—the peace contract is a bet that the Russians will stand still while the West stops to pick up the prize for which the war was fought. The French feel that the gamble is on Germany—it is a gamble that Germany will not sweep its new allies into war for the recovery of lost territories; it is a gamble that German co-operation is permanent and will not be replaced by arrogance and dominance ten years hence. It is not easy to say which version is correct.

Italy:

A Fighting Chance

CLAIRE STERLING

An hour after the urns were sealed in the recent Italian elections, Prime Minister De Gasperi left for Paris to sign the treaty for a European army. "No matter what happens," he told reporters at the airport, "we will never take a step back."

When he returned he found that some of his supporters were indeed contemplating several steps back—back from the Atlantic alliance and back toward the prewar past.

These were local elections for town and provincial councils, but they were regarded universally as a trial run for the Parliamentary election next year. The vote, largely in central and southern Italy, confirmed and heightened a trend that had been registered in the north during a similar test last spring. The combined returns indicate that, although the Communists are still far from winning an absolute majority, they have been inching up steadily since 1948, when the present Parliament was chosen. In the face of this, the formerly powerful democratic coalition headed by the Christian Democrats is rapidly losing its strength: Large sections of its followers are turning to a neo-Fascist movement which, declaring itself "equidistant" from democracy and Communism, attacks the western powers with as much enthusiasm as it does the Soviet Union.

The neo-Fascist victories in three of the most important southern cities—Naples, Bari, Foggia (population of Naples alone: 1,029,805)—have given the impression that the right wing in Italy has now become the Third Force and that it holds the balance of power. This is not yet true; it can become a fact only if the Italian democrats and their friends concede defeat.

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According to figures released by the Ministry of Interior, a Parliamentary election taking into account the results of the municipal elections of last year in north and central Italy as well as this year's results in the south would produce the following results:

Leftist Bloc	8,000,000
Christian Democrats	8,020,000
Minor democratic parties	3,200,000
Neo-Fascists and Monarchists	2,500,000
Scattered independents and blank ballots	2,000,000

By putting up a stiff fight, the democratic parties could win absolute control of the next Parliament. The margin would be small; the Ministry of Interior puts it at 51.5 per cent. The Christian Democrats are no longer the majority party that they were in 1948, but it is also true that together with their allied Center parties they have more than a fighting chance to keep control.

Under the present circumstances, the Communists would probably move up a little more by next year. During last month's campaign, they reached hard for the independent voters. The hammer and sickle disappeared, along with the party's customary truculence; and Communist candidates were carefully camouflaged and purposefully mingled with aspiring officeholders, aging Parliamentarians preaching peace and "neutrality," uncompromising anti-clericals, and former anti-Fascist Partisan fighters who were stirred at the threat of neo-Fascism posed by Mussolini's old disciples. The Communist tricks had some measure of success, particularly among anti-Fascist voters.

As things stand now, the Left has very little chance of maneuvering itself into power. The slim chance that it might, however, is a terrifying prospect in democratic circles. It is even more paralyzing to Luigi Gedda's Catholic Action, desperately bent on avoiding a Communist Government's ruling the nation from Rome, the world capital of the Church. It was this fear that led Gedda to urge the Christian Democrats to negotiate some kind of alliance with the National Front (neo-Fascists and monarchists), even before the May elections. The effort failed, but it is being renewed.

It is a matter of serious doubt whether a stratagem of this sort would not actually help the Communists. Neither the neo-Fascist M.S.I. (Italian Social Movement) nor its partner, the P.N.M. (National Monarchist Party), would agree to be used to serve as a sort of subordinate rear guard in an anti-Communist coalition: Their objective is not collaboration with the democrats, but taking power away from them. Moreover, they are queer kinds of anti-Communists. Their propaganda line is sometimes indistinguishable from that of their Red opponents. During last month's campaign, their speakers jeered the Christian Democrats and their "paymasters, the barons of Manhattan," and their candidates went so far as to form joint lists of candidates with the Communists in seventy small towns to defeat the Government bloc.

Above all, the inclusion of one or both of these parties in a right-wing coalition Government would almost inevitably mean the end of Italy's collaboration with the West; at best it would make this collaboration entirely nominal.

For the leaders of the new Fascist movement have consistently voted against the Atlantic alliance in Parliament. They have no qualms about proclaiming, as one of them actually did, that what they want is to "have the two rivals—the United States and Russia—destroy each other."

The M.S.I. paper *Il Secolo* said, shortly after this election: "The Americans, or rather, the small ruling class which makes policy for that empire, are absolutely in the dark about Italian affairs. Their informers are correspondents . . . who are mummified anti-Fascists, for whom Italy is only a place for military tourism. . . . In spite of the fact that America has imposed the most frightful policies on Europe, the rulers in Washington will soon learn that in the breasts of conquered nations, the generation which fought the war in 1939 and lost is now allied with a younger generation that will wrest justice from their conquerors."

'Mussolini Was Right!'

It is only natural that, if the M.S.I.'s ambition is to "avenge Italy and rebuild her empire," it must regard Britain, France, and America as Italy's natural enemies—and it does. According to Augusto de Marsanich, one of the outstanding M.S.I. leaders, Mussolini was entirely justified in going to war against England, because it was "determined to keep Italy out of her rightful place in Africa"; France had been trying persistently to "shrink Italy's northern borders"; and America "had no business interfering." The Atlantic pact, de Marsanich concluded, is an unfortunate example of this irrepressible interference, and "reflects all of Roosevelt's efforts to dominate European affairs."

What the M.S.I. is really heading for is an aggressive Latin alliance, starting with Perón, and, as its news-

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paper says, "going on to humble Portugal, extending to heroic Spain, and finding its animating spirit in Italy, with a régime of authority and order which will give Italy unquestioned supremacy in Europe."

For the time being, however, the M.S.I. is willing to "consider" supporting the Atlantic pact. Its conditions have been outlined explicitly by Valerio Borghese, M.S.I. president and former commander of the 10th M.A.S. Flotilla (Mussolini's body of naval shock troops which harassed the Allied forces until the last day of the war). Borghese is referred to in his party's press as "the glorious violator of all British ports in the Mediterranean, and the great sinker of American and British battleships."

He demands the following terms from the West: complete abrogation of the *Diktat* (peace treaty); satisfaction of Italian rights, "starting" with Trieste—which he thinks should be seized by the Italian Army, anyway; return of all Italy's former African territories and restoration of its "natural borders"; abolition of the European army; the right to full rearmament within Italy, leaving it free to create sixty to seventy military divisions [*sic*] entirely under its own control.

The Royalists

The case for and against the other member of the National Front, the P.N.M., is somewhat less distinct. The latter claims to be interested solely in restoring the Royal House of Savoy by national referendum, as it was deposed by national referendum in 1946. Since it has this presumably respectable purpose, and is much less rancorous than the M.S.I., many people have assumed that it can be counted on the democratic side.

No one, including the P.N.M.'s leaders, believes that a monarchy can be reinstalled in Italy. If there is any chance at all, however, it lies in arousing the Italian people to such a mystical pitch of nationalism that the House of Savoy can ride in as a symbol of the country's past glory.

While this party counts heavily on the profound monarchist sentiment prevailing in southern Italy, its success in the last election was largely due to the energy and personal treasury of its new president, Achille Lauro. Lauro owns a huge merchant fleet and is the richest man in the south. When the Americans landed in Naples, they sent him to the Padula Concentration Camp for his complicity with the Fascist régime; and he now claims that this experience forced him into public life. "Suffering refines the spirit," he explained to crowds of Neapolitans last month, "and I meditated profoundly in Padula about how to make the life of my people a little easier."

Lauro's first step in this direction was to form an electoral alliance with the M.S.I. last year. He says it was formed "on the common ground of invigorating the Italians' sense of nation,

after a lost war and the [Allied] occupation."

The P.N.M.'s leader claims to support the Atlantic pact, and to have already "persuaded" the M.S.I. to support it with him. Like Borghese, however, he regards the pact as offering Italy bargaining power for reacquiring its lost empire. "The West needs us," he says, "and we must decide who can give us most before making alliances with anybody." His rehearsal of Italian demands is the familiar one: Trieste, Pola, Istria, Fiume, and Dalmatia (which would mean war with Yugoslavia), Briga and Tenda (war with France), and the African colonies (war with practically everybody, including Ethiopia again). "Our war with Ethiopia was not imperialism," he says. "It was a just war, to give vent to our excess population. . . . Now, we must submit to . . . humiliations. . . ."

Dangerous Alliance

If the Christian Democrats want Lauro's assistance, they will have to accept at least part of his terms. He will insist on maintaining his alliance with the M.S.I. Indeed, that is just what happened before the last municipal elections in Naples. At that time Lauro refused to join the Christian Democrats and break with the M.S.I. He won the election.

Although the rightist front did not get the four million votes that Lauro expected last month, it marked an enormous progress over the last election. In the opinion of both M.S.I. and P.N.M. leaders, all they need now is time. Anti-Communist fears might throw the country into their laps. If not, they count on finding new supporters in practically every layer of Italian society—aristocrats who want a royal court to go to; rich landowners who are annoyed with democracy for daring to tamper with their estates; a fearful middle class which welcomes "protection" against the Communists; young intellectuals who want to feel courageous; poor peasants who dream of prosperity in the colonies; and the very, very poor who miss the pomp of a king, the splendid, useless monuments of a dictator, and the vaguely remembered paternalism of both.

The National Front has aggressiveness; although so far only a few of the great Italian industrialists have given it their support, it has means. But there are still millions of Italians—Christian Democrats, right-wing Socialists, liberals—entirely willing to resist Fascism by force of arms. They did it once before when they fought Mussolini's "Republican" Army, which was supported by the Germans.

As of now, Gedda and the right-wing leaders of the Christian Democratic Party are trying desperately to bring into their fold as many monarchists—or neo-Fascists—as they can. It is a very risky undertaking, for De Gasperi, the only Italian leader the western Allies trust and respect, can never consent to head a right-wing coalition. Moreover, there is a chance that every right winger who is persuaded to join forces with the Center will drive an erstwhile middle-of-the-roader toward the Communist Left.

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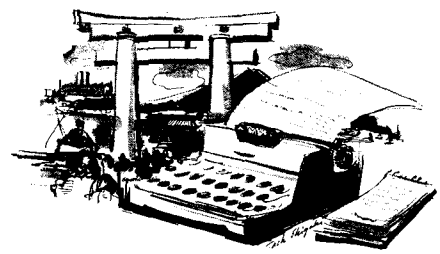
Press Freedom Vs. Army Regulations



ALLEN RAYMOND

A NEW SET of regulations governing the accreditation of war correspondents to our military commands overseas and their operations in the field was drafted not long ago by the Defense Department. According to Senator Pat McCarran (D., Nevada), this new code, which is to go into effect this year, "so impinged upon human liberties and human rights" that it should have been referred for possible revision to the Senate Judiciary Committee, of which he is chairman.

"I hope that members of the press will read these regulations carefully, so they will get some idea what they may be up against if their duties take them afield with the Armed Forces," the Senator said in an interview with the United Press. "If . . . a correspondent should be arrested . . . under [this code] he cannot be admitted to bond or brought before a grand jury for indictment, nor does he have any unrestricted right of appeal on conviction by the court of military appeals." The Senator is gravely concerned because correspondents have been made subject to military law when serving with our troops overseas.

I read the Senator's grave warning at first with some bewilderment and then with a series of chuckles. I happen to have been a war correspondent, serving with several branches of U.S. and other armed forces in combat areas for several years. I had always supposed myself to be subject to martial law, since no other American law rules in a combat area where American troops are fighting.

Several times during those years I heard that one or another of my fellow correspondents had been threatened with court-martial. I never heard of anyone actually being tried, however, by any military court, even though it seems to me now that possibly a few of my colleagues should have been.

But as an ex-war correspondent I have followed Senator McCarran's advice. I have read this new code a half dozen times, and have checked on its contents with some top-flight newspapermen who as Reserve officers helped to frame it, and with other correspondents and with officers in the Pentagon.

Classification vs. Curiosity

Probably the new code is as fair a compromise as can be reached at this moment between military and civilian minds. But it still seems to me to hold several provisos that are completely unrealistic in the light of my wartime experience—some fantastic and funny, and others absolutely contrary to the public interest.

Take this one, for instance: Correspondents "are expected . . . to refrain . . . from discussing or soliciting information known to be classified." In my view, any correspondent once accredited to our armed forces after receiving the approval, as he must, of five security agencies would be derelict in his duty to his employers if he did not find out all he could about what was going on all around him that might conceivably be in the public interest. Just because some Army officer has momentarily classified some fact as SECRET certainly should not halt the normal operation of a reporter's curiosity. If Army officers really expect reporters to refrain from asking all questions that seem to them pertinent, they are going to be grievously disappointed —under this new code or any other under which nonmilitary reporters work in the field.

Some officers of the armed services, in dealing with a great many matters having nothing whatever to do with national security, have taken the attitude that these are none of the public's business. They have tried on occasion, for instance, to keep from newspaper readers the price they pay for military supplies, which is certainly the public's business.

Correspondents who have long dealt with military officers could fill volumes with instances of the abuse of the secrecy power. Recently I heard of one

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such incident from friends of mine who had been reporters at Allied headquarters in Tokyo.

Secret Secretaries

On January 29, 1952, Irving R. Levine, a correspondent for the National Broadcasting Company, dug up a story about how the Far East Air Force headquarters was circumventing restrictions issued by Washington in the interest of economy to prevent the hiring of superfluous civilian white-collar workers in the overseas military establishment. The brass of the FEAF felt that they needed more secretaries and stenographers. The orders from Washington apparently referred only to stenographers who were hired in the United States and transported overseas, for on studying these orders the FEAF officers found no prohibition whatever on the hiring of local personnel, provided the money was available to pay for them.

"Well," reasoned the FEAF command, "this is the Far East Air Force, isn't it? And Australia is part of the Far East, isn't it? And Australian girls make good secretaries, don't they?"

So the command proceeded with plans to hire 250 Australian girls at $3,000 each, taking the precaution, however, of classifying the whole project SECRET. When Levine submitted his broadcast to Tokyo censorship, the censor killed the story after consultation with a FEAF information officer.

At about that time the United Press got wind of the story. Bob Vermillion, a veteran war correspondent, was sent around to FEAF headquarters to check on it. Vermillion was warned by a FEAF officer to lay off the story if he didn't want to get thrown out of the theater. By that time, however, the situation had gotten out of control, so FEAF reluctantly released the story.

Clogged Channels

I am told that relations generally between General Ridgway's Tokyo headquarters and the press were far better than they were between the press and General MacArthur's headquarters. During the MacArthur régime there was an attempt to maintain an almost complete blackout on occupation activities and policies except as they became matters of official "release" or unless questions were directed in writing "through channels."

Answers to such questions were very often made too late to be of any news value—a very neat device for censorship at the source.

There were only two major instances of friction between General Ridgway's command in Tokyo and correspondents in Korea. The first was the revelation by correspondents, in spite of censorship, that there had been a *de facto* cease-fire order at the Korean battle line last December. The second was the rebuke administered in February by General Ridgway to correspondents who were fraternizing with correspondents of the Red Armies.

The General maintained that correspondents were jeopardizing national security by talking to the Reds. He tossed into his communiqué the allegation that some U.N. correspondents had actually shared their whiskey with the Red correspondents. From my personal experience I believe that was probably true.

I am informed, however, that the American correspondents were obtaining from the Red pressmen news they later found to be absolutely correct concerning the negotiations. The information they thus obtained was not being given them by the United Nations briefing officers.

Every trained newspaper reporter would certainly consider this questioning of enemy correspondents the obvious and proper procedure for a representative of the free commercial press who wanted to learn anything whatever of a news event besides what was told him in a government handout. American reporters in Panmunjom who obtained stories and pictures from American prisoners of war in North Korea, including General Dean, through co-operation with Red newspapermen were certainly showing the initiative and news judgment that their editors had every right to expect of them.

"Panmunjom is an excellent example of how news is withheld at the source from the American press for the purpose of government propaganda," I have been informed by one of the distinguished American correspondents who recently left the area. "Time and again correspondents caught United Nations spokesmen in half-truths or important omissions of fact in statements about what was going on inside the closed truce-conference sessions.

"As a result of this, the correspondents began consulting the Red correspondents, who can tell the truth when it suits their purpose.

"For example, the Communist correspondents kept telling us that United Nations representatives were demanding 12,000 square kilometers of North Korean territory behind Communist lines as compensation for calling off our Air Force and Navy. Although this was true, as we later discovered, General Nuckols, the U.N. spokesman at the time, would never admit it. In other words, we were never taken into the confidence of United Nations negotiators. At one point it was fairly common to see the Associated Press representative rush up to the Communists —not to the United Nations delegates —to find out such routine facts as when the next meeting was going to be held."

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Since General Mark Clark has taken over in Tokyo, there has been only one instance of friction with the press. This was occasioned by the Army's temporary blackout on interviews after the release of Brigadier General (now Colonel) Francis T. Dodd after his kidnaping by Koje Island prisoners.

MacArthur's Censorship

Friction between the press and the nation's topmost military leaders was far worse during General Douglas MacArthur's command, when information of patent concern to the American people was classified as SECRET to an extent that this writer never has seen equaled.

According to a report to the Freedom of the Press Committee of the American Society of Newspaper Editors in 1948, correspondents had been informed by General MacArthur's public-relations officer, Brigadier General Frayne Baker, back in 1946 that "any material that any occupation officer chooses to classify will be protected by the rules of military secrecy, and a correspondent can be court-martialed for publishing such material under the Articles of War."

Correspondents tried for two years, before their protest, to make some inroads on this censorship at the source. Meanwhile General MacArthur was denying that any censorship existed.

The shroud of secrecy was thrown over such legitimate post-surrender news as the Japanese crime rate, rationing statistics, dollar expenditures by the armed forces, the so-called purges of Japanese war criminals, economic decentralization, reparations, industrial-rehabilitation plans, and negotiations for wool and cotton imports.

Beginning in July, 1946, all records of discussion of any project in the MacArthur headquarters were classified as secret until the project was completed. Correspondents who learned of what was going on within the General's headquarters and published scraps of it were often threatened with court-martial or withdrawal of credentials, although not one was prosecuted.

The effect of all this was to prevent any public knowledge of what MacArthur intended to do, or was in the process of doing, until the time came for him to make one of his announcements of some new "success." An additional effect, of course, was to prevent any public discussion in the United States of what was going on while it was going on, and at all times to confront the American people with accomplished facts.

General Baker, as P.R.O., explained to the helpless correspondents quite early in the game: "From now on you get your news of the occupation from press releases."

In their final protest to the American Society of Newspaper Editors concerning the news blackout, sixty-three members of the Tokyo Correspondents' Club pointed out that several Acts of Congress, during the previous year, indicated that no actual state of war with Japan existed, and that after the surrender and disarming of the foe, any state of war was purely theoretical.

Despite that fact, they said, "the wartime concept of military security continues to prevail, and has been extended to embrace political, administrative, economic and cultural subjects totally unrelated to military security."

The correspondents' protest brought no results. The truth of the matter appears to be that no professional society of journalists exists in the United States today with requisite machinery to cope with the abuse of power by military men who want to keep their operations in political, cultural, and business fields beyond public scrutiny.

One of the most accurate descriptions of the activity of newspaper editors in protecting the public's right to information in the field of civil government was made by Gerald H. Salisbury, managing editor of the Albany *Knickerbocker News*, at a recent meeting of the New York State Society of Newspaper Editors. "All we do is to comment," he said. "All we do is talk. There has been the greatest reluctance to do anything in this direction."

Concepts of 'News'

Under present conditions, the occasional friction between war correspondents and the military seems likely to continue for a long time to come, and the new code of the Defense Department doesn't help much. Military and civilian minds are pretty far apart on what is proper news reporting.

A typical incident from the China-Burma-India Theater in the Second World War was told me by Robert P. ("Pepper") Martin, who had served as a correspondent for the New York *Post* there.

"When General Chennault's Flying Tigers broke up in the spring of 1942," he said, "most of the American Volunteer Group members chose to go home instead of joining our Air Force. I remember that one night a couple of these pilots and some ground-crew men, all of them civilians on their way home, wanted one last crack at the Japs, rolled out an old C-47, loaded it with hundred-pound bombs, and took off for Hanoi in Indo-China, where there was a large Jap garrison. They dropped all their bombs right on their target from the side door of their plane, and then flew home in glee.

"It was a pretty weird exploit, when

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you come to look at it, but the mission left a big circle of fire raging on the target they had selected. I thought it was a pretty good yarn, so I wrote it and the military censor passed it. When it was relayed back from home to the headquarters of General Clayton Bissell it aroused his wrath. He told his associates the whole affair was very unmilitary and bad for morale and warranted a thorough investigation.

"He sent for me and asked me where I got the story. I refused to tell him, as I had to protect my informants. He threatened me with court-martial, so I decided to bluff. I told him I thought the courts back home had decided correspondents had a right to protect informants. He said he didn't believe it, but he would certainly find out. I was told later that he sent a wire to Washington asking for information, but I can't be sure. Meanwhile I got on the phone to some friends at General Stilwell's headquarters. The General sent word back to Bissell's aides that he thought it would be better if Bissell laid off the war correspondents."

The clash between General Bissell and Correspondent Martin shows that neither was sure of his ground. The new war correspondents' code certainly does not spell out the offenses for which correspondents may be tried. At one point it says correspondents are "expected to refrain . . . from conversing with personnel at work or on guard . . ." Correspondents in a fighting zone could not even move around unless they disappointed the expectations implied by this paragraph.

Rear-Echelon 'Chicken'

But war correspondents have little or no trouble of this kind in fighting zones. Most of the trouble is back at headquarters. According to this code there is an implied ban on talking to people who are at work there, but personally I doubt if such a ban will ever be enforced except in the command post of some Nervous Nellie or martinet, suspicious of the press or hostile to it, who is trying to suppress all news except that which he wants disseminated.

Accredited correspondents with our forces overseas in occupied areas such as Austria, Italy, Germany, and sometimes in Japan have been permitted by many a commanding officer to circulate with reasonable freedom through military offices. Granted that freedom, they have sat, with no damage to this Republic that I can discern, beside the desks of officers and enlisted personnel, often distracting them from their work, and talking to them about military affairs during lulls in it. That is the way they have been accustomed to get much of their news. I doubt that this practice will be discontinued, even under the new code, for all its implied prohibition.

There is one paragraph in the new code that seems to me downright funny. That is the one in which the military passion for meticulous uniformity down to the finest detail has been spelled out in ruling on the correspondents' uniforms.

Exact shades of color for jacket, shirt, necktie, trench coat, and garrison cap are all prescribed. The jacket, it seems, is to be "shade 33," while the necktie will be "shade 51." The trench coat is to be "shade 79," and I certainly hope Abercrombie & Fitch will bear this in mind. The garrison cap (wool) is to be "shade 33."

If rigorously enforced, this regulation is going to break the hearts of quite a few correspondents in the next war, unless the essentially civilian nature of newspaper reporters has changed a great deal by that time. These rules bar completely some of the finest color effects in uniform achieved by correspondents in the Second World War, several of whom prided themselves on really exquisite taste in pseudo-military garb, with various touches of individuality thrown in—particularly when they were back from the firing lines, if they ever had been there, and were lolling romantically about places like the officers' clubs in Naples or Rome, or the Savoy in London.

To those of us who remember some of the popinjay effects also achieved by colonels and even by brigadier generals, all this standardization of correspondents' clothes seems a grievous discrimination. Are not all the correspondents to have the assimilated rank of major, no less? They are indeed, under this new code.

It was "assimilated second lieutenant" in the war reporter's trade when I first went to work at it. Do you suppose that the "majors" of the press in the next war will have a uniform inspection on some cold, gray, rainy morning, drawn up in front of their billets in a military manner before some inquisitive colonel of the regular armed services?

Protection of Publicity

As for the threat of court-martial that hangs over all correspondents, I would like, if possible, to calm the fears of Senator McCarran, or of any reporter who might like to report the wars from a civilian viewpoint. Reporters of the daily press have two great protections. One is the undisputed power of the press to give the fullest publicity to any jeopardy in which its employees are placed. The other is the very real and powerful influence that the civilian press will aways have with the civilian agents of American government, from the President down. Any very real injustices to reporters are far more apt to be remedied than are injustices to the lowly G.I.s who fight and die in this nation's conflicts.

If the average American can stand fighting the country's wars, the reporters can certainly bear up under occasional clashes with military officers. I doubt if the reporters of this country will ever be completely militarized, and I believe that the best of them will continue to be governed mainly by the code of decency and common sense that is within themselves.

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Correspondents in Korea—Safety and Frustration

LEE JUDGE

ALONG WITH the popular fancy about the big-city reporter who solves all the murders and then tells the police, there has been circulated an image of the average American war correspondent as a grimy, bearded, neck-risking hero who hoofs it up the hill with the riflemen, scoops out his own foxhole, and then sets up shop to record the feel of front-line action.

From what I've seen in Korea, it seems to me more likely that you'd find a fair percentage of your warring journalists sacked safely back at a division command post, where the principal hardships are an occasional real or imagined shortage of liquor or a mess sergeant's unimaginative approach to his job.

In Korea the group that would venture even as far forward as a division command post represented a minority, for the bulk of their colleagues in combat letters were holed up in even greater leisure back at the correspondents' billet in Seoul, or off in Japan making a valiant but futile effort to put a recognizable dent in the seemingly self-multiplying stock of liquor at the Tokyo Correspondents' Club.

It is not my intention here to cast professional scorn on the good living provided for the men who have been covering the war in Korea, but rather to bring into the open a type of life that any reporter, or for that matter anyone who is disturbed by the thought of working for a living, might well enjoy.

The situation wasn't always so comfortable, notably during the early days of the war when every square foot of Korean terrain was explosive. At that time the lot of the war correspondent wasn't much better than the lot of the infantryman or the clerk or the cook. Everybody was fighting on four sides, and none of those sides was permanently at your back as a reliable gate for escape.

My observations cover the war in Korea loosely for the calendar year 1951, during which I shared the life of the war correspondents as public information officer for a famous combat division which was almost perpetually on the target. This assignment, plus numerous roving adventures with the press, placed me in perhaps more personal and more constant association with more war correspondents in Korea than any other public information officer. Being a newspaper reporter and a public-relations man by civilian trade, I enjoyed a bond with the correspondents which does not usually exist between the Army and the press.

I knew all the men and women who covered the war, and I knew most of them well. I lived with them at our division command post, and I was with them on the press train at Munsan-ni for the peace talks. I shared their billet at Seoul and the abundant comforts of their club in Tokyo. They were not only competent journalists; they were entertaining hosts and magnificent guests.

Throughout the press corps in Korea, I was known as the "good provider," Mine Host to the Fourth Estate. From out of nowhere or, even more miraculously, from out of Army Special Service allocations, I was always able to provide appreciable quantities of potables just when it seemed as though temperance forces had seized control of the peninsula.

But Don't Go Near the Water

We always had a sizable representation of the press at our division—wire services, special correspondents, TV and radio men, and so on. To accommodate the group and to handle general publicity matters for the division there were, in addition to myself, one officer and anywhere from ten to fifteen enlisted men. Occasionally a particularly energetic correspondent would actually go up to an area somewhere near the fighting and take some pictures or scout out a story. But for the most part, a day in the life of the average war correspondent was a lot like camping out with the boys on a fishing trip when nobody has any intention of fishing or even of going near the water.

There were outstanding exceptions. Fred Waters of International News Photos got hit twice taking front-line photos; Bob Pierpoint would take his CBS recorder on infantry attacks; Mike Rougier of *Life* was almost reckless in his lack of respect for enemy bullets. Bob Vermillion of UP, Fred Sparks of the Chicago *Daily News,* Dave McConnell of the New York *Herald Tribune,* George McArthur of AP —they are all lucky to be alive today. But these boys and a few others were exceptions.

The Forgotten War

Those of us who were on the military payroll had to emerge from the sack at seven in the morning, just as though we had something urgent to do, but the press usually slept on until around ten-thirty or eleven, at which time one of the enlisted men would be dispatched to the officers' mess tent for some coffee and toast in order that the correspondents would not have to approach the day's activities on empty stomachs.

A half hour or so later, a quick inventory would be under way to see how much liquor was immediately available for pre-luncheon cocktails. In those dark early days, because of the lack of suitable accessories, the correspondents

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were frequently obliged to drink raw booze from a canteen cup. However, after some particularly thorough foraging and several trips to Tokyo, we were able to provide various types of glasses. At times we had special delicacies in the form of olives, cherries, and orange slices. We were never quite able to overcome the inconvenience created by the lack of ice, but occasionally we could rig a deal with the quartermaster or the mess sergeant in which otherwise wasted pieces of ice could be exchanged for whiskey.

The daylight hours generally found us absorbed in the latest offerings of Mickey Spillane or quarterbacking the high-level strategy of whatever military operation was then in progress. There were also considerable planning for coming trips to Tokyo as well as postmortems over what was left of those who had just returned from that city's American adaptation of Oriental life.

Following evening cocktails and dinner, we'd trek over to G-2 and G-3 for the latest reports from the front and whatever tactical data and plans were available. This information was necessary for the composition of stories to be phoned or teletyped to Seoul for eventual transmission to a world that, it seemed to us, didn't give a damn anyway. Frequently, the day's combat would be of very little significance, and then the boys would draw lots to see who would be stuck with filing a pooled dispatch for the group.

In fairness it should be noted that field telephoning in Korea was a monstrous thing. You often had to go through three or four switchboards to call an office fifty miles away, and often at least one of the switchboards would be out for hours at a time. This, of course, added to the frustration of wondering whether anybody was ever going to read what you wrote anyway.

Sometimes we were able to wrap up the chore in time for an open-air movie, weather permitting—a diversion that occupied a couple of hours before nightcap time.

The Joys of Travel

This existence, although pleasantly unhurried, got to be wearing every so often, largely because the physical surroundings remained so monotonous, and weren't much to look at in the first place. Whenever the boredom became too stiff to take, a sure cure was available in a trip down to the correspondents' billet in Seoul. The division air section could fly you down there in about thirty minutes, while a jeep ride through the twisting mountain trails consumed an agonizing five to seven hours.

No matter how you got there, the end result was amply rewarding. Checking in at the billet was something like arriving at Grandma's for Thanksgiving dinner. You got a handsome reception from the crew on duty, and pretty soon you were hip-deep in a stimulating bull session while the cubbyholes and closets were raided for booze. There were always correspondents flying in from Tokyo, and the unwritten house rules demanded that each of them bring back at least a case.

From the standpoint of appearance or comfort, the Seoul billet couldn't compare with a rather poor American hotel. It was a damaged four-story stone apartment building that had been used to house U.S. government workers in the palmy days preceding the shooting war. But it was always a welcome change from life in a tent, and it was only a five-minute jeep ride from the hundred-foot-long bar at the ornate saloon known as the Fifth Air Force Officers' Club, notable for its fifteen-cent Martinis made with real ice.

Mornings at Seoul were generally free until the Eighth Army's ten-thirty briefing, which was a lecture on what was happening all along the front. If you had the Seoul slot for a wire service, you attended the briefings regularly, took the phone calls from the men in the field, and filed a morning and a night war lead. Features were fed through you, or you could write them yourself. Complaints from the home office and wranglings with book-bound censors were the crosses you had to bear.

A lot of good newspapermen were on the desk in Seoul—Nate Polowetsky and John Randolph of AP; Dick Applegate, Bob Gibson, and Bob Miller of UP; Cecil Brownlow, Don Dixon, and Bob Schackne of INS; Greg MacGregor of the New York *Times;* John Dille of *Life;* Al Smouler of Agence France-Presse, and quite a few others. But frustration over a war the world seemed to have forgotten was like a dark cloud over Seoul.

The Good Life at Munsan-ni

In June of 1951 the Communists expressed an interest in seeking an end to the war, and peace negotiations began at Kaesong and later at Panmunjom.

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The Army set up a press headquarters on a train situated at Munsan-ni, about twelve miles south of the conference site and some thirty miles northeast of Seoul. Here life for the correspondents was to blossom, for a while, into its brightest flowering.

It wasn't the Twentieth Century Limited or the Super Chief, but the train represented the finest job of transplanting standard U.S. comfort to barren, Godforsaken Korea that any of us had seen. In addition to the ordinary rolling stock, the train carried a number of hospital-type Pullman cars. The beds were longer, wider, and much more comfortable than ordinary railroad berths. There were a couple of cars containing davenports that had seen better days, but were still good for lounging. There was a long press car with desks, typewriters, and telephones, and a dining car where you had your choice of several selections at each meal. And no tipping.

The procurement of energizing refreshments presented a problem at first. I managed to round up twenty cases of beer one afternoon, but by bedtime nothing remained but a colossal pile of empty cans and a vast array of hangovers in the making. The whole alcoholic supply system stumbled along on just such an unprofessional basis for a time, but the frequency of return trips to Tokyo generally assured the regular availability of the hard stuff.

American know-how finally provided a more permanent solution. A couple of the correspondents set up a club car, bought quantities of liquor in Tokyo, arranged for shipping, and peddled it by the drink at cost plus a small handling charge.

Life on the train traveled at a pretty fair clip for a while because of the feeling that you were in on something big. Competition to get on the daily press truck up to the conference site was intense, dealings with the censors bristled, and everybody was busy trying to figure out some way to cut somebody else's journalistic throat. Even though you couldn't cover the actual talks, you could go up to Kaesong or Panmunjom and pick up a lot of color for feature stuff. You got your regular story from the briefing officers at the nightly press conference, and you got a lot of inside material talking with the Communist correspondents.

But as the talks wore on, boredom once more took over. Day after day of trying to write a different lead for a "no-progress" story began to manifest itself in rattled nerves. Once in a while there would be a lively flurry of activity, but for the most part life settled into the same old pattern of eating, drinking, and sleeping. Sometimes there'd be a volleyball game alongside the train, but only when the journalists got fed up with booze and bed.

On to Tokyo!

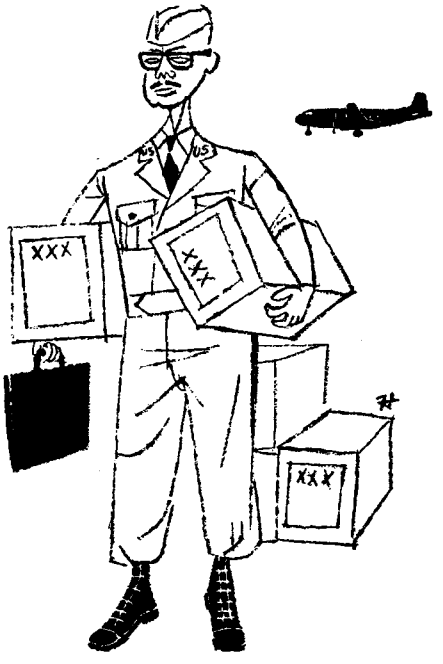
No matter how dreadfully dull things got to be at a division command post, in the Seoul billet, or on the train, the frustrated press could always reach out for the most invigorating tonic ever devised for stimulating aching bodies and yawning minds—a leave in Tokyo.

Wire-service men would habitually spend about five weeks in Korea and two in Japan. Special reporters would vary their trips according to the demands of their own assignments. And Junior never got a Christmas bike that brought the gleam of wild exultation which you could see in any correspondent's eye as he headed for Kimpo Airport to board the C-54 to Tokyo.

Theoretically, the idea was for a man to work in Korea and rest in Tokyo, but any red-blooded male, given two weeks in the Japanese capital, would need a rest. He usually had to go back to Korea to get it.

Under the benevolent occupation that the United States maintained in Japan, Tokyo became the horn of plenty. The finest of whiskey, women, and comfort were available in staggering volume at prices that prevail in America only on Skid Row. The Press Club of ancient Babylon never saw anything like the revelry that formed the pattern of daily life for correspondents on the loose in Tokyo.

Unhappily, though, the gaiety was always short-lived, and the leave would end. The wreckage would climb once again into his field uniform, heft himself and a case of whiskey onto a plane, and head back to cover the war.



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Moscow: Behind The Outstretched Hand

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

"We are going to this International Economic Conference as merchants, not as Communists," Lenin told the Soviet diplomats who went to Genoa in April and May, 1922. As if to celebrate the thirtieth aniversary of that event—the Russians love such commemorations—the Politburo decided to convene an "International Economic Conference" in Moscow for the first half of April, 1952.

One might say that while the original conference was a serious event, its imitation was farcical. In 1922, the Soviet government did in fact negotiate with western governments about resuming trade. No results were reached immediately, but in the last analysis the Genoa conference brought an end to the West's economic blockade of Russia.

At the recent Moscow conference, among the nearly 350 delegates from forty-odd countries who assembled in the impressive Trade Union Hall, only one delegate officially represented a western nation—and that was the Argentina of Juan Perón. Most delegates had little or no practical experience in international trade and little or no influence on the trade policies of their countries. They were journalists, academic economists, politicians, philanthropists, and nondescript self-styled "intellectuals" of the sort who are usually prominent at Moscow-sponsored conferences. Only the eminent Dean of Canterbury was absent.

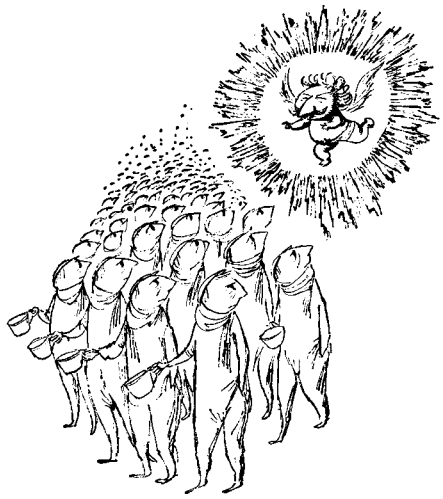
There was also a sprinkling of businessmen, none of whom represented any leading western concern. In the course of a fortnight, this somewhat amateurish group discussed trade among eastern and western countries, adopted resolutions, and with quite serious mien signed scores of "trade contracts." When the delegates returned home they could not agree even among themselves about the immense sums to which the contracts amounted.

The Ulterior Motive

Yet it would be a mistake to see only the farcical side of the show. The conference is having serious repercussions; and it was for the sake of these repercussions that the Russians arranged it.

This was the first propaganda battle of a larger offensive that the Russians have launched against the U.S. Battle Act, which prohibits countries receiving Marshall aid or other American assistance to sell materials and goods of strategic importance to the Russian bloc. The list of prohibited goods contains over three hundred items and includes, apart from armaments proper, metal, raw materials, and capital goods.

It should be admitted that the Russians have waged this battle with a shrewdness, subtlety, and discretion rarely found in their propaganda campaigns. The conference adopted no political resolutions. No direct and open attack was launched against any western country or government, not even against the United States. The erstwhile "monopoly capitalists" of the West were politely referred to as "western business circles." The Battle Act itself was hardly ever mentioned. The Russian press gave fair reports on the speeches of the western delegates, even those that defended Marshall aid.



The main theme of the conference was the need for the resumption of trade between East and West. "Business as Usual" was the slogan which this time resounded from Moscow. The theme and the slogan have their indubitable appeal, especially in those western European countries whose well-being has in the past depended to a degree on trade with the East. For West Germany and western Austria this issue has been especially vital, because for them it is no longer a matter of foreign trade only but of the revival of their own domestic trade.

The Psychological Moment

The timing of the conference was extremely shrewd. Western Europe had reached an economic turning point. The rearmament programs there have undoubtedly stimulated economic activity. It is possible that without this stimulus the western European economy would by now have been in the throes of a normal cyclical slump. But the stimulus has worked one-sidedly. Whereas western Europe's heavy industries are producing at full pressure and are assured of an expanding demand for the next few years, its consumer industries have experienced something like a recession.

European rearmament, unlike American rearmament, is not accompanied by a rising demand for consumer goods. On the contrary, that demand has been shrinking, or has at

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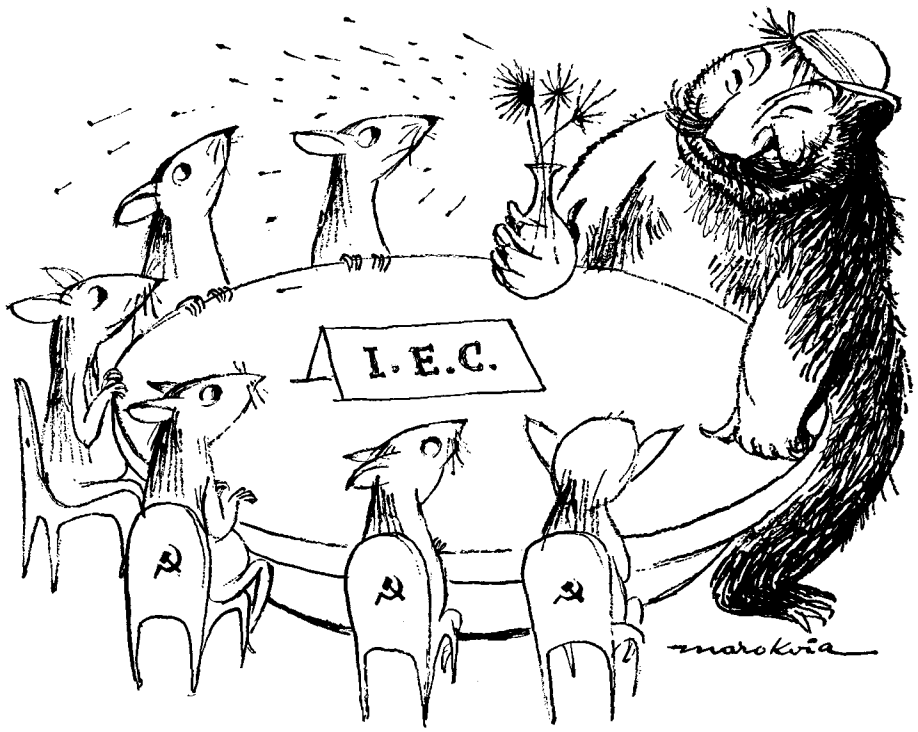
best been stationary. Yet in the course of seven postwar years the consumer industries have reached very high levels of output, and they are overproducing in relation to their shrinking or stationary markets. For the first time since the great depression of the early 1930's, the textile mills of Lancashire are idle; and the British public is anxiously watching the unemployment statistics from week to week. The same is true of consumer industries in France, Italy, and Belgium.

The numbers of unemployed are still low by the standards of the great depression. Moreover, for the rearmament economy as a whole, this time of semi-boom, semi-slump has advantages: Idle consumer industries are releasing manpower and materials that will be needed badly in the industries working directly or indirectly for rearmament. All the same, the semi-slump is having an immediate impact upon the minds of Europeans. Since the depression a new generation has grown up which has known war, hunger, and underproduction, but it has never been haunted by unemployment in the old form. Young western Europeans have come to believe that the world has somehow learned to deal with the vagaries of the "old-fashioned" trade cycle. The fact that in some industries there is overproduction once again comes to them as a severe shock. "Are we going to be reduced to living on the dole, as our parents were?" many a western European worker asks anxiously.

And here come the Russians offering trade, which looks to some like a partial way out of the predicament, and to the more naïve like a panacea. No wonder that the Moscow conference and the trade proposals made there have loomed very large in nearly the whole European press. What could be more simple, the jobless man in Manchester and Lyons feels, than that our unsalable stocks of cotton textiles and silks should be exported to Russia, Poland, or Hungary, and that our mills should start working again?

The Russians have addressed their offers not only to western Europe. The delegates from the Middle and Near East and from Southeast Asia were presented in Moscow with a Soviet version of the Point Four program. M. V. Nesterov, chairman of the Soviet Chamber of Commerce and chief Russian spokesman at the conference, stated that the Soviet Union was ready to supply industrial plants and machinery to the amount of three billion rubles to countries of Southeast Asia and the Middle East, and to give those countries technical assistance and advice in their industrial development. Nesterov further pointed out that the armaments race defeats all plans for the development of the industrially backward parts of the world. Those engaged in the armament race, he said, cannot supply the underdeveloped nations with industrial equipment because they need it for their own rearmament. Without that equipment, all development schemes concerning Asia and Africa are meaningless. This argument, cogent as it is, applies, of course, to Russian as well as western rearmament, but Nesterov was probably able to make an impression in Asia and Africa.



Departure from Self-Sufficiency

Are the Russians really prepared to expand their foreign trade, or are they merely out to score propaganda points? Are they, in particular, prepared to buy consumer goods from the West?

Skeptics point to two sets of facts. First, Russia hitherto has adhered rigorously to a policy of self-sufficiency, and there is no reason to suppose that it seriously intends to depart from that policy. Second, western Europe has been only too willing to sell consumer goods, on which the Battle Act places no embargo; and if Russia had wanted to import them, it could have done so at any time, without any propaganda sideshows.

Yet it is quite probable, in the view of the writer, that Russia is prepared to intensify and expand its foreign trade. But it is prepared to do so on its own terms, that is, if it can make a wide breach in the semi-blockade that the Battle Act has imposed. The Moscow conference was meant to rally western European opinion, or as large a section of it as possible, behind that policy.

Russia's economic development seems to have reached a point at which a departure from self-sufficiency may be both possible and desirable. This departure has already begun. Nesterov revealed that the volume of Russia's "foreign trade" is three time as large as it was before the war. Most of this "trade" has been conducted within the Soviet bloc. For the first time, Russia has surpluses of industrial manufactures and is anxious to sell them. The Soviets have been exporting heavy and light engineering machinery to eastern Europe and China. Among the Russian export items listed at the conference were agricultural machinery, fertilizers,

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and light industrial goods. In the postwar years Russia appears to have saturated, for a time, its domestic demands for some kinds of agricultural machinery, a fact for which there has been no precedent in Russian economic history. As a by-product of the rapid industrialization of the postwar years there has begun to appear in Russia that interest in foreign markets which is the usual concomitant of industrialization.

A certain change in the Russian import policy is also quite probable. Hitherto the Russians have imported capital goods almost exclusively; but at their present more advanced stage of development they may be impelled to import consumer goods, of which their domestic production has been inadequate, and for which they may well afford to pay.

The Bill of Goods

There was therefore nothing implausible in Nesterov's statement that Russia was ready to treble its trade with the West, and to multiply five or six times its trade with some countries—for instance France, with whom its commercial contacts have become negligible. But the purpose of this declaration became evident only when Nesterov went on to list the goods that Russia would like to import. Invariably his lists included, apart from consumer goods, the metals, raw materials, chemicals, and manufactures that come under the Battle Act embargo.

The western countries were in effect told by Russia: "We are ready to buy your textiles, silks, and shoes, for which you have no markets, but only if you sell us also the goods you are not allowed to sell us. If you refuse to do so, you will plunge your consumer industries deeper into the slump, and for that you will have to thank your American allies."

There is no denying that this manner of posing the question has placed the governments and the political and economic leaders of western Europe in a quandary.

The Battle Act is now unpopular in Europe not only among pro-Soviet or neutralist elements but even among those who have wholeheartedly accepted its military-political premises. There is a widespread conviction that the embargo has been extended to many goods of little or no strategic importance, or at any rate to goods that would add to the military potential of the Soviet bloc no more than the imports from the Soviet bloc would add to the military potential of western Europe. The western European governments have submitted to the Battle Act with the feeling that strategic policy is sometimes used to throttle legitimate trade. The Moscow conference has done something to stir and spread this feeling and to create pressure for a liberalization of trade.

Western Reaction

This pressure comes primarily from consumer industries. No sooner had the Moscow conference closed than a hundred British textile firms chartered planes to fly samples of their goods to Russia. Manchester has watched the conference and its sequel with intense interest and some hope. So have many French and Belgian industrialists who refused to go to Moscow for the curious reason that if they went they might have deprived themselves of entry visas to the United States. *Le Monde* of Paris writes: "Need one necessarily condemn businessmen who think that it is not unreasonable at least to hope that commerce between eastern and western Europe may recover to the prewar level? It is sad to say that by a supreme irony the Soviet bloc may yet steal from the West the theme of the advantages of commerce and of free exchange, just as it has managed, because of the lack of political intelligence in the West, to steal the theme of peace."

The most significant reaction to the Moscow conference came, however, from Bonn. No western European government is more vitally interested in the United States' presence in Europe, and none would be thrown into greater panic at any sign of a softening in the American attitude toward Russia than the Government of Dr. Adenauer. Yet in Bonn both the Government parties and the Opposition have agreed to demand for West Germany the right to conduct trade negotiations and to sign contracts with the Soviet bloc. The Committee for Foreign Affairs in the parliament of the Federal Republic has agreed on a formal resolution that trade with eastern Europe is a necessity for West Germany, and that it should therefore be given complete freedom to trade with the Soviet bloc. These resolutions have undoubtedly come in response to the suggestion thrown out from Moscow that trade between Russia and West Germany might be increased to two billion rubles.

Among the baits held out by the Russians, one is especially alluring to western Europeans, who are constantly harassed and exasperated by the problem of the dollar gap.

"If you trade with us," the Russians say, "you will have no *ruble gap,* because we shall let you pay for your imports with your exports." All this is undoubtedly moonshine, but it has thrown into sharper relief the issue of the dollar gap. On the day after the Moscow conference, Mr. Churchill's Government had to protest to the State Department against demands of American manufacturers for the raising of some American tariffs that would bar British goods from United States markets.

"The Americans cannot have it both ways," people even in the most pro-American circles in western Europe are saying. "They cannot simultaneously deny us trade with both the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R."

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Our Argentine Appeasement Policy Ends

MILTON BRACKER

A FIVE-YEAR-OLD U.S. policy of catering to the Argentina of Juan Perón has just ended, although few people outside the State Department know it. The change was signalized by a little-noticed news item reporting the appointment of Albert F. Nufer to be the next Ambassador to Argentina.

Mr. Nufer is an amiable career diplomat, a hulking six-footer with extensive experience in Latin America. After eleven years in Cienfuegos, he has a command of Cuban Spanish that would fool even a Cuban. He has served in Mexico, Spain, and El Salvador. In 1949 he was ranking U.S. representative on a joint Argentine-United States trade-study commission which operated exclusively in Washington.

But the important fact about Mr. Nufer's selection is his very obscurity. Few Argentines know his name. Some members of the staff of our embassy in Buenos Aires have shared lesser posts with the man who will now be their boss. But to Juan and the ailing Eva Perón, who will have a far more important relationship with the new envoy, Mr. Nufer will arrive as an unknown. And the Peróns will not know what to make of it.

That is exactly what is intended. For after three consecutive political appointees, all big businessmen tremulous with the promise of mighty financial assistance—although only one of them actually delivered it—the United States has finally called a halt to even the implication of further aid and comfort to one of the most dangerous men in the hemisphere.

It is not necessary to review the mission of Spruille Braden, who berated Perón as pro-Nazi right through the election of February, 1946—and whose intervention unquestionably helped the Strong Man to win. Nor need it be recalled that George Messersmith reversed Braden's policy so sharply that when Messersmith left Buenos Aires in June, 1947, Perón stood on the freezing pier and waved until the ship was out of sight. The story really begins with Messersmith's resignation—on the same day that President Truman proclaimed that our prolonged rift with Argentina had been healed.

The Education of Bruce

James Bruce of Baltimore was the first official bearer of the new amity to hand credentials to President Perón. A genial executive of the National Dairy Products Company, director of the Republic Steel Corporation and of other corporations and banks, and contributor to the Democratic Party, Mr. Bruce knew a great deal about business but virtually nothing about Latin-American politics. In his first public speech, in December, 1947, he called Perón "a great leader of a great nation." His political education began at that point.

Photos from Wide World

Spruille Braden

Ambassador Bruce, as he later acknowledged, had praised Perón deliberately. He sought to emphasize that this country wanted better relations with Argentina—and he seems sincerely to have believed that in return for the compliment, Perón would immediately ease restrictions both on foreign business interests and on domestic political critics.

What the Ambassador learned, of course, was that although the Peronista press hailed his tribute, Perón showed no such appreciation at all. On the contrary, Perón used Bruce's words as evidence that he was not only a "great" but a maligned man. What does it matter, went the line, if American newspapers and labor groups call me a dictator and a foe of liberty? The United States Ambassador says I am a great man.

As government pressure against the independent newspaper *La Prensa* and the opposition Radical Party inexorably increased, Mr. Bruce saw his mistake. He even tried to get Perón to see that his press policy would have a harmful long-range effect on economic relations with the U.S. (As a matter of fact, Mr. Bruce appeared to feel that the main argument against restricting press freedom was that it would be bad for business.) But the doom of *La Prensa* was sealed even before Mr. Bruce left Argentina in August, 1949, although neither he nor those around him knew it. Meanwhile, Perón never stopped being thankful for that first speech—in his own way. He gave the departing envoy a Peronista "loyalty" medal, which the Ambassador was shrewd enough to reveal publicly with a laugh, rather than

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The Peróns

to let it be discovered as a dark secret.

Whereas Mr. Bruce merely had erred in seeing the Argentine problem in exclusively business terms, his successor, Stanton Griffis, went much further. Mr. Griffis, partner in Wall Street's Hemphill Noyes & Co. and at one time head of Brentano's, Inc., recognized the political issue but deplored it as exaggerated in the United States. Mr. Griffis indicated repeatedly, during his year in Argentina, that Americans had a wholly disproportionate regard for freedom of the press. He also publicly questioned whether Argentina was ready for democracy as we know it.

Films and Finances

In March, 1950, Perón jailed Dr. Ricardo Balbín for "disrespectful" speeches during a fighting campaign for governor of Buenos Aires Province. Although Mr. Griffis said later he felt very concerned about this, he was somewhat more preoccupied with other matters. American interests in Argentina fretted under continuing restrictions. Mr. Griffis, who happened also to be chairman of the executive committee of Paramount Pictures, was nettled by his inability to get Perón to end the ban on new American films. He leaned over backward not to appear to intervene more energetically on behalf of the movie men than on behalf of the oil or meat-packing or agricultural-machinery interests. In any event, he became a prime sponsor of a loan that would enable Argentine banks to pay off clamorous American exporters. The Argentines wanted up to $500 million for this and other purposes.

Although it was his custom to bypass the State Department and go straight to the President, this time Ambassador Griffis worked with Edward G. Miller, Jr., who had been Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs since June, 1949. Being responsible for over-all hemisphere policy, Mr. Miller felt obliged to come to some sort of terms with Perón on two grounds: first and foremost, to make sure Argentina would not stand apart if a united Pan-American front against Russia should be necessary; second, for the relief of the insistent American firms, which wanted both the dollars to pay for finished goods already shipped to Argentina and new exchange permits to import materials essential to production in Argentine branches.

After the Export-Import Bank had whittled the sum down to $125 million, the transaction was arranged in May, 1950. It could not be called a "loan" in Argentina because Perón had often said he would cut off his arm rather than accept a loan. So down there it became a "credit." Secretary of State Dean Acheson said frankly at a news conference that he did not see much difference. Mr. Griffis returned to Buenos Aires and made two speeches hailing Perón as a great humanitarian. The accord between the Export-Import Bank and the Argentine Central Bank was formalized on November 13, 1950, and Ambassador Griffis, his eye on a more important post, resigned a few days later.

Silencing *La Prensa*

Meanwhile, Mr. Miller hoped for the best—although Brazil, our most active South American ally in the Second World War, began to indicate what it thought of the loan to Argentina, a country that had been pro-Axis. (Attempts to placate Brazil are still going on, as indicated by Mr. Acheson's projected trip to Rio, where he will invite President Vargas to visit the United States.) Then suddenly, after nearly ten months, Perón released Balbín, and Mr. Miller felt more optimistic for a moment. But within three weeks came the phony strike that finally silenced *La Prensa.*

The paper had been shut down only a few days when Mr. Miller started on his second South American swing. He had been lionized in Buenos Aires a year before. He was just across the Rio de la Plata in Montevideo, heading the U.S. delegation to the inauguration of Uruguayan President-elect Andres Martínez Trueba, when on February 27, 1951, the back-to-work movement among *La Prensa* employees was smashed by bullets.

While half a dozen American correspondents, including this writer, looked on, small-arms fire sprayed the workers just outside the plant. One man was killed and fourteen wounded —with policemen at a station house within direct view of the plant entrance coldly ignoring the shots. Hours later, when it appeared that the shaken but undeterred *Prensa* staff was going to get out a paper anyway, the same policemen swooped down on the building and closed it for good.

The "coverage" of this outrage by the Peronista press was the most revealing thing of all. Although the shooting happened in the early afternoon, not one of the evening papers had a line

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James Bruce

about it—for the obvious reason that the Casa Rosada (the Argentine White House) and the Undersecretariat of Information hadn't had time to get together on an official version. Then, next morning, all of the other papers unanimously announced that persons within the *Prensa* building had "shot down" a striker. This was as shocking a perversion of the truth as anything ever perpetrated by Moscow. But the eyewitness dispatches from foreign correspondents let the world know that Perón would certainly bull through his decision to destroy *La Prensa* no matter how heavy-handedly he had to use the Big Lie.

Decision in Montevideo

The next morning I had to fly to Uruguay. My trip, planned long in advance, was primarily for the purpose of covering the Presidential inauguration. But now it seemed far more important to put the *La Prensa* situation up to Mr. Miller before he crossed the Plata to Buenos Aires.

At the United States Embassy, a colonial mansion with croquet hoops on the rear lawn, Miller occupied an upstairs guest room. He knew what had happened. I asked for direct comment.

He began to pace. He took a drink and offered me one. He said Lester Mallory, our chargé at Buenos Aires, was flying over to brief him in the morning; couldn't I wait until then? I knew Mallory was a cautious man, sure to urge Mr. Miller not to say anything that might embarrass the permanent mission in Buenos Aires. I took a breath and said I didn't think the question could wait.

'Deeply Concerned'

Mr. Miller continued to pace. He was visibly under extreme tension. He knew perfectly well that to Perón, criticism was direct attack; that for a man in his position to dare to speak out on so inflammatory an issue as *La Prensa* the very day before arriving as Perón's guest would be taken as an unendurable effrontery. The Assistant Secretary kept pacing. Then, before he spoke, I knew he had decided. His jaw tightened. He said he would dictate a few lines. He was still under stress as he began:

George Messersmith

"I am deeply concerned over the reports of violence against employees of *La Prensa*. . . . Every friend of Argentina must necessarily be concerned over the welfare of *La Prensa* and its employees."

He then added, for use verbatim, although without quotation marks at the time:

"The Assistant Secretary made it clear that in a government whose policies are so circumscribed by the effect of public opinion as in the case of the United States government, the adverse impact of the closing of *La Prensa* and the attacks against employees has been so great as to raise serious doubts as to the ability of the United States government to continue its positive efforts in the implementation of a policy of willingness to meet the Argentines halfway in international relations."

It may seem mild and prolix now. At that time it involved a crucial decision for Miller. For it is now certain that the new course openly charted with the appointment of Mr. Nufer derives from the words spoken in that Embassy guest room in Montevideo on February 28, 1951.

Miller's statement, cabled back from New York, had the inevitable effect in Buenos Aires. When the Assistant Secretary arrived, the Peróns gave him the runaround. Eva harangued and blustered; she had him tour her newest hospital project, not missing a floor and using the stairs all the way. The freeze hardened. Miller left without getting to see Juan Perón alone and has not been back since.

'Greek Tragedy'

But when Miller returned to Washington, he found that reaction to the *La Prensa* case had spread around the world. Not only that, but sentiment in this country had far outrun his own

Stanton Griffis

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words in Montevideo. Miller, as he subsequently told associates, breathed easier about his *démarche*. He had no further doubts that the policy which had led to the "loan" must be corrected. (Much later, he told friends that the loan had never been popular anywhere; and that everyone connected with it had found himself involved in a sort of "Greek tragedy.")

Griffis to Bunker to Nufer

Mr. Griffis was out of the picture. Having helped the Democrats elect Senators McMahon and Benton in Connecticut, he was rewarded with the Ambassadorship to Spain. There he publicly praised Franco—and privately told a visiting friend that he was very disappointed in Perón, who had assured him at the outset that he didn't really intend to close *La Prensa*.

The next Ambassador to Argentina was Ellsworth Bunker, who arrived in April, 1951. Mr. Bunker, board chairman of the National Sugar Refining Company, did admirably in keeping his mouth shut and living up to the letter of a polite "correctness" with Perón. The Argentine economic situation grew progressively worse all through Mr. Bunker's mission, for which he can be neither blamed nor praised. Personally, he was even compared with Norman Armour, the most widely admired career ambassador we have ever sent to Buenos Aires.

But Mr. Bunker was a big businessman, whose nomination had preceded the *La Prensa* crisis. If only by inertia, his was an extension of the Bruce-Griffis approach in the Argentine mind. It was not until Mr. Bunker was named Ambassador to Italy this February that the change became positive.

Perón may not know it, but when Mr. Nufer presents his credentials, an era in Argentine-U.S. relations will have ended. Whatever may save the Argentine economy this time, it will not be a United States loan. To those of us who lived through the worst of those five years, it seems shameful that the mistake was made in the first place. But Assistant Secretary Miller deserves credit for finally going all out to correct it.

Time Off in Gary

A steelworker's view of strikes and seizure

WARNER BLOOMBERG, JR.

In 1949, Gary, Indiana, waited out the most genteel strike in the history of the steel industry. In spite of its length, the strike seemed considerably less bitter than its predecessors because of the outwardly cordial relations between the conflicting parties—including a lack of violence on picket lines and the maintenance of plant facilities during the shutdown. Some commentators decided that labor-management relations in steel were entering a new phase.

As I write this, in May, 1952, Gary is waiting out an even more unusual strike. Last winter, my fellow millworkers were reluctantly resigned to the prospect of an ordinary walkout. "Here we go again," one man said. "Out for a month or more, and for what? They up the pay and then they up the prices even more." Everywhere I heard the same plaint. The most recent immigrants to urban life from the Kentucky and Tennessee hill country had already picked up this interpretation of the wage-price equation in its simplest form. Old-timers from Europe informed me in broken English about "real income." But each conversation ended with "What can you do?" and a shrug of the shoulders.

Strikes, Babies, and Divorces

It was winter, cold and bitter and gray. If we hit the bricks and closed down the mills with a strike, there would be nothing to do except walk a freezing picket line, hunt for part-time jobs—rare during a strike in a steel-centered city like Gary—or sit at home. That was probably the worst prospect—the sitting at home and waiting. Waiting and worrying about a budget already wrecked by the Christmas splurge. Waiting while household arguments and domestic tensions increased. Babies and divorces are both conceived in unusual numbers during a long strike here in Gary.

The first postponement was hailed as a fine beginning for the New Year. If

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Phil Murray and the Wage Policy Committee had called a strike instead, we would have gone out without hesitation; very few of the men I know would have risked strengthening the hand of management by undermining the authority of their own union leaders. But there would have been great resentment. Indeed, it was just before this postponement that the workers gave their maximum consideration to the arguments of management. Soon, however, opinion leaders among the men were able to make effective use of the assertion by U.S. Steel's Ben Fairless that the government would have to settle this one, and the adamant attitude of other industry representatives began to rankle.

With the first postponement, we began to speculate about the date the strike would finally materialize. Men who otherwise hated the Taft-Hartley Act worked up rationalizations for its use. "Eighty days will get us into summer—or almost, anyway." January and February went by, and with them went bills and taxes. Overtime work was no longer passed up in favor of leisure. Time payments and bank accounts were the centers of attention. The signs of winter's passing were eagerly awaited as heralds of a kinder season: "Just get us into warm weather—then we'll shut 'er down."

The Hardening of Opinion

As winter waned, something else was happening among the men with whom I work. Opinion was forming that the strike, although unwanted, was justified. Opinions form slowly among the men down at the mill. They are preoccupied by everyday living and only now and then is their attention diverted for any length of time to the details of economic and political issues. At first the twenty-two points that the United Steelworkers presented were ignored as "something else cooked up in Pittsburgh to go on strike for," even though they were thoroughly publicized in the union's monthly paper and in various pamphlets. As the days passed, familiarity with the program increased and so did approval.

During this period the belligerent posture of some of the industry's spokesmen, and such choice remarks as the charge that we were economic royalists, released all the old, traditional antipathy of the men toward the corporation. More than ever before, the steelworkers followed the details of what was said. Television played an important part in this, and poor public relations by management contributed enormously to the formation of a generally held opinion among employees that the demands of the union were just. The final postponement of the strike added a last touch of righteousness to the conduct of the union leaders.

This feeling continued to develop when the Wage Stabilization Board announced its decisions. No one took very seriously the assertions that we would

settle only for this without haggling or change. Even now the men down at the mill believe that Philip Murray and the Wage Policy Committee would dicker over an offer that was closer to the WSB's than those we have heard so far. They are convinced that the companies can afford the recommended increase, given the price rise possible under the Capehart Amendment. In other words, what was missing in December is present now—an almost complete agreement between the announced position of the union leaders and the opinions most generally shared among the rank and file.

No one ever wants to strike. But as the April 8 deadline approached, my friends and I felt ready to make the financial sacrifice. We even felt rather good about it.

Almost no one had expected that the strike would last more than a week or two. That was the word that went around. We were sure that after a while the government would step in. The probability of this convinced many of the men that the companies would haggle awhile and then settle. "They sure don't want no one else nosing around their books!" As the moment of the strike approached, it seemed to some of us that precautions for preserving materials and equipment were not quite what they should have been if the corporation were anticipating a long shutdown. Even management appeared convinced that it would be a short strike.

Then the day came. Many workers in this area build or finish their own homes, and spring begins construction time. Apartment walls are washed or painted. Anxious fishermen anticipate the first casting of a line. For many steelworkers around Gary it is the time to begin planting the garden, starting the suburban cycle of back-yard activities that lead to the summer and fall harvests of fruit and vegetables. There is a common springtime yearning for a little vacation, perhaps a little trip. A few men were caught several hundred miles away, already en route to visit friends or relatives, when the strike was suddenly ended by government seizure.

Red Sky, Black Sky

Several days before a walkout there is always a strike meeting. It used to be a pre-battle rally and mass strategy session before the picket lines were drawn and the rough stuff began. Now, however, the local union leaders shared the platform with the local civic leaders, including the mayor of Gary and the mayor of East Chicago, who assured the assembled rank and file that obligations owed by these city heads to the laboring constituencies that had elected them would be fulfilled. And the "community-service" representatives of the union explained how the welfare and relief agencies of the area would be called upon to handle hardship cases. Everything was to be just as it had been during the first "new kind of strike" in 1949.

Nevertheless, when the union leaders assured the overflow crowd of members that "we can get just as tough as they do and tougher!" "If they want trouble, we can give it to them!", there was a good deal of cheering and applause. Yet there was also something touching about the scene—this sounding of ritual war cries surviving from earlier days when the picket-line captain ranked with the lawyer or the staff economist.

The meeting was held on Sunday. On Monday the regular biweekly pay checks were distributed. There was much calculating as the men pondered

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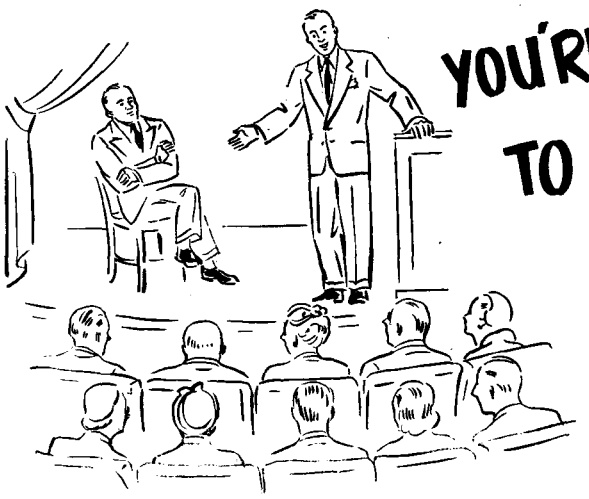

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The Reporter

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with one another how far the amounts could be stretched.

Shortly before the strike a friend of mine who owns a jewelry store in the area said that Gary merchants were worried. "Business is off thirty per cent," my friend told me. "You know," his wife added, "when I was a little girl in Gary, I used to be afraid when the sky was red from the light of the furnaces. My mother told me not to be afraid when the sky was red, only when it was black."

On Tuesday the sky was black. But on Wednesday Gary was in almost a holiday mood and the downtown streets were crowded with shoppers. The mills were still closed, but regular pay checks would be coming in again now that the mills had been seized by the government.

When we went back to work, there was a good deal of joking about "working for Uncle Sam." Mr. Truman's speech received enthusiastic approval. Clarence Randall's reply was greeted with equally enthusiastic jeers. Our sense of righteousness was increasing as we returned to the job. The wheels were going around again. More time before a settlement would mean a bigger retroactive pay check.

'That Judge Is a Democrat'

Judge David A. Pine gave us a surprise. We hadn't expected it to go that way. A few days before the decision that put us out on the streets again, I argued with one of the officers of our local union about the possibility of what for us would be an adverse ruling. "No," he said, "that judge is a Democrat. He won't go against us. Besides, he can't let the corporation push the U.S. government around. Nobody's that big!"

The word to strike reached one of the union officers in the mill shortly after Murray issued the order to shut down the industry. In a matter of minutes the noise of production began to subside. As quickly as possible we brought each operation to a halt. It is a strange and rather awesome thing to see and hear a factory suddenly come to a stop, the tremendous power and movement and sound turned off as if the mill had suffered some massive industrial heart attack. By five o'clock most of us were on our way out the gate.

Many men were glad to shut down the mill even though they hated to lose

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the pay. We wanted the thing settled. A few men, members of a small but vociferous group of conservatives in the plant, had criticized the seizure in lunch-time arguments. They were always greeted with good-humored jeers and suggestions that they ought to stay home until the industry was "free enterprise again." They went out the gates with the rest of us, and with no expressions of approval for the judge's ruling.

The mood was lighthearted but not boisterous. Most expected a short strike this time because the company had been so unprepared. Many of the supervisory personnel were not in the plant. The cleanup of production schedules and work flow that precedes an expected strike had not taken place. There was an air of busy confidence at the union hall.

Painless Picketing

The telephone was in almost constant use: What about picket schedules? What should be done about some apparently essential shutdown maintenance? There was a stir when the photographers showed up for shots of union officers and for a couple of "atmosphere pictures" of men wearing picket armbands posing out in the hall. But most of all I remember the two men who came in and asked simply: "Who do I see to sign up for the picket line?" After each was registered and informed of his time for picket duty, he turned and left. They were not part of the active core of union members who attend meetings, are active on committees, and were now enjoying the friendly excitement of this union-hall gathering. They were quietly angry men with whom management would have to come to terms eventually.

I started to leave the hall for the picket line, but stopped to listen to an argument about what the Supreme Court would do. One of the members, obviously better educated and more widely read than most, was reviewing the attitudes of the nine Justices and predicting how each was likely to decide this issue. "Well," said one of the men most active in the union's political action committee, "I don't look at it the way you do. I look at it this way: Harry Truman's a politician. That's all he is and that's all he's ever been. But he's one of the smartest politicians

you or I have ever seen. He wouldn't pull a deal like this unless he'd found out ahead of time how a majority of those guys would vote. He knew what the Supreme Court would do before he ever seized the mill."

It was nearly eight-thirty when I reached the picket line. The evening was fairly warm and the night sky clear and pleasant. A number of men had driven out with their families to see what was going on, and cars were parked all along the expressway into the mill. The picket line was actually two clusters of men out in the road. The first group was headed by the captain, who checked all incoming cars. He then called instructions to the second group a little farther down.

Already several "salamanders" had been set up to provide fires for the night watches. A shortage of fuel for them worried some of the men. Only one fire was burning, and as the evening grew more chill a group clustered around it with backs to the heat. A car arrived with coffee and the news that a soup kitchen would be set up in due time. By early morning most of the comfort-creating details that would lessen the burden of a six-hour picket shift would be established.

A scouting party returned along the railroad track and clambered down the high embankment to the road. "There's a bridge across the river at Tyler Street with no one on it," one of them reported. "Better get some guys down there. Anyone could get across and into the mill." I volunteered to go back to the union hall and tell someone about the need for pickets at Tyler Street. That was the last I saw of the picket line. By the time my regular turn came up the strike was off.

Back to Work

Just a week after the shutdown we went back to work for the second time, and we wondered if we'd be doing this yet a third and fourth time before the thing was settled once and for all. The brief vacation without pay pinched the budget a little, but at my house we were still in the black.

During that brief period of unchallenged government operation, production in the mill where I am employed went up rapidly, and some new records were established. That's all over now. In some departments production is being held back rather deliberately. In others there is merely a lack of enthusiasm and an almost unconscious resolution not to aid any stockpiling that would diminish the effectiveness of a crucial shutdown. As far as I know, the men acted without any instructions from the union when they increased production under the first government seizure, and they are acting without instructions in holding back now. They work the way they feel.

When we returned to the mills, the newspapers carried reports about "discontent" and "disgruntled workers." They warned about demonstrations at the plants and wildcat stoppages. I have seen no signs of any such concerted action. There is an underlying anger on our part, a conviction that the company is not only wrong but is deliberately risking a strike rather than trying to reach a fair and easily attainable settlement. For the most part, the men express more trust and confidence in the union leadership than I have heard ever since I "hired in" at this mill.

We work and wonder and wait. There are rumors that another strike will be long as well as decisive—some guess at over a month. No one spends much time discussing how or if we will ever get back to collective bargaining without the direct participation of the government. Few anticipate the possible interference of an unfriendly Administration in some future dispute. We wait, we wonder, and we take care of our day-to-day jobs and routines of life. Those who labor in the mills are content to meet tomorrow when it dawns.

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Trouble In Outer Baldonia

BEVERLEY BOWIE

THE PRINCE of Outer Baldonia is a highly influential Washingtonian and international sportsman whose actual name is Russell Arundel. In 1949 he acquired a three-acre island that lies about fourteen miles off the coast of Nova Scotia and is nominally under the political jurisdiction of that province. The island's chief crop is rocks, with just enough weeds between them to support a flock of undemanding sheep. To acquire his realm, Arundel did not have to marry the king's eldest daughter. He got the whole works from its previous Canadian owners for $750 in cash.

With the deed in his pocket, Arundel convoked a constitutional assembly of one, formally altered the island's name from Outer Bald Tusket to Outer Baldonia, proclaimed himself Prince of Princes by right, heredity, and *force de main,* and published his Declaration of Independence. This Declaration, one of the most truculent state documents of our time, was colored in its basic concepts by the existence, well within Outer Baldonia's territorial waters, of a superlatively productive tuna hole, known to big-game fishermen the world over. The Declaration asserted that "fishermen are a race alone," and that they "are endowed with the following inalienable rights: the right to lie and be believed; the right of freedom from questions, nagging, shaving, interruption, women, taxes, politics, war, monologues, cant, and inhibitions. . . . The right to sleep all day and stay up all night."

To house the Prince during his residency in Outer Baldonia, local serfs were prevailed upon to erect a twenty-by thirty-foot castle of native stone. This edifice suffers somewhat in comparison with Versailles, or even with Arundel's estate in Warrenton, Virginia, but it is made of undeniably durable stuff. The Prince hates to leave it for his frequent business trips to Washington.

Mr. Arundel, as he is known in our capital, conducts his more mundane operations from the second floor of the World Center Building, diagonally across from the Statler Hotel. From there, in a genial but shadowy fashion, he advances the interests of various American companies. According to Representative Clare Hoffman (R., Michigan), Arundel has at one time or another pleaded the cause of both the Bulova and Longines watch companies, several big sugar companies, some motorists' associations, and the Pepsi-Cola Corporation of Long Island—a bottling concern which he himself owns. The revenues from these fiefs and baronies have apparently not been negligible. In one four-year period Arundel is reported to have deposited more than $500,000 in a Washington bank.

As befits a monarch incognito, Arundel has maintained a scrupulously even-handed relationship with the two major political parties of this country. He seems to have given generously of his services as a public-relations expert to Democratic and Republican Congressmen alike. And while he himself is a royalist and an economic royalist to boot, he numbers among his intimate friends such Administration stalwarts as Vice-President Alben Barkley and Senate Secretary Leslie Biffle.

Biffle and Barkley, indeed, are the only known Washingtonians on whom Arundel has conferred honorary citizenship in Outer Baldonia and for whom he has waived his usually stringent rules regarding establishment of residence. He has similarly elevated all local tuna guides to the rank of Admiral in the Outer Baldonian Navy, and he has let it be known that anyone boating a tuna weighing seven hundred pounds or more will automatically become eligible to petition for letters patent and the title of Prince.

Running a principality takes a lot of effort. Arundel has tastefully designed various official seals, stamps, flags, passports, and legal documents. For some time, the principality's main problem in the field of foreign relations has been to obtain recognition from the major powers. In this the Prince has not been fully successful. Though he has often declared his willingness to place Outer Baldonia's forces at the disposal of NATO, he has received no acknowledgment.

A Royal Favor for McCarthy

Other embarrassments have recently befallen Outer Baldonia. In the recent hearings before the Senate Elections subcommittee, which is examining Joseph McCarthy's fitness to serve, testimony revealed that in 1947 Arundel had endorsed a $20,000 note for the Senator.

"Joe McCarthy," the Prince declared, "was a friend of mine. As I remember it, he was in desperate trouble with the banks out there [in Wisconsin] at the time . . . All I did was sign a little short-term note for $15,000 or $20,000 with no risk involved whatsoever. . . . I'd do that for any friend. . . .

"All this is Greek to me. I just get into a jam by helping out a friend. Why drag me into this?"

But dragged he was. The princely face appeared in half-tone newspaper cuts across the nation. The inmost secrets of Outer Baldonia became the property of commoners. Myrmidons of the Internal Revenue Department, drawn by press accounts of the royal income, began to ask rude questions and to do a little cross-checking.

Last week it was still possible for anyone desirous of an audience with the Prince to thumb through the Washington telephone book to page 851 and there, in column three, pick up the listing: "Principality of Outer Baldonia . . . DI-2463." But it was another thing to reach the Chief of State himself. According to an honorary princess named McGinnis, conducting a valiant rear-guard defense for her liege lord, he was habitually indisposed, or out of town, or just out to lunch.

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U.S. Politics: Has It a Future?

GERALD JOHNSON

THE FUTURE OF AMERICAN POLITICS, by Samuel Lubell. *Harper & Brothers. $3.50.*

THE MAN who writes about the future of anything in the year 1952 is a bold, even reckless fellow; one who writes about the future of politics is nothing less than a daredevil. Here, for example, comes Samuel Lubell with a book that was partly obsolete before the advance copies reached the reviewers, not to mention the bookstores; for while the book was on the press Harry S. Truman announced his withdrawal from the Presidential race.

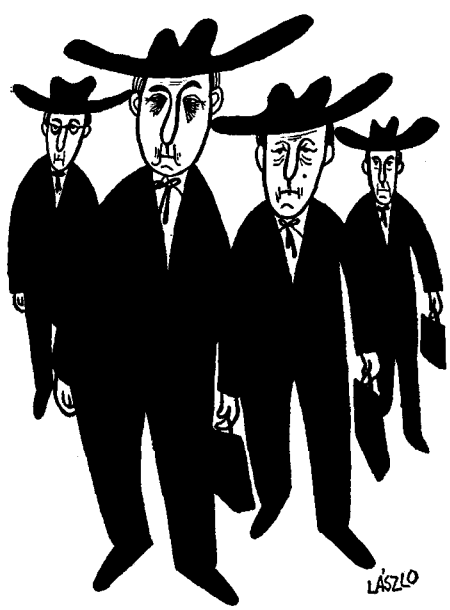
Mr. Lubell had foreseen that possibility, of course, and had allowed for it, but he could not foresee the circumstances surrounding the announcement. Therefore he could not guess that Truman would not only upset the applecart but would scatter the fruit all over the premises, to the infinite woe of all political prophets. But so it happened, and as a result some of his passages have a slightly unearthly sound, reminding one of the ghostly cadences of a piece of campaign literature read on the Wednesday after Election Day.

This is one of the occupational risks of writing a book about a situation so fluid that it changes much more rapidly than books can be produced. It is not a reflection upon either the perspicacity or the sincerity of the writer. At worst, it lays him under suspicion of assuming too great a risk, which is certainly no crime.

Amnesia . . .

This is a role that Mr. Lubell sustains pretty well throughout the work. He has perceived the break in historical continuity attending the advent of Franklin D. Roosevelt. If you are tempted to ask "Who has not?", restrain the impulse, for that is not a rhetorical question. The whole Taft wing of the Republican Party, constituting a huge block of voters, has not perceived it. This is Mr. Lubell's thesis. The future of American politics, he believes, hinges upon the development of an increased perceptiveness in the electorate. The American capacity for ignoring the obvious is, in fact, wondrous; the registration rolls are loaded with people who could, in all innocence, lose a bass drum in a telephone booth.

In his introductory chapter Mr. Lubell cites eight factors that have modified the basic structure of American politics within the past twenty years. Every one of them is as plain as a pikestaff, once it is mentioned; yet ninety-nine per cent of current political oratory touches on none of them. They are impersonal factors—such things as the rise of a new suburban middle class, the migration of the Negro, the urbanization of farm life, and the power vacuum created by the collapse of Germany and Japan and the enfeeblement of Great Britain. These are cold facts, but we prefer to discuss warm personalities. Such facts as these are determining what we shall have to do whether we like it or not; but we prefer to think that the future will be determined by the outcome of a struggle between Eisenhower and Taft and between the survivor and the Democratic nominee.



. . . and Nostalgia

Mr. Lubell has some biting comment on the delusion of those Republicans who believed for twelve years that all they had to whip was Roosevelt. When Roosevelt died they assumed that it was all over; and even the "Miracle of '48" did not disillusion them. They merely decided that they had underestimated Truman, which was true enough, but not the whole truth and not even the important truth. The important truth is that for twenty years the Republicans have been the party of nostalgia, and they will not become really formidable again until they face the future rather than the past. Lubell argues persuasively that the Republicans could win the Presidency in 1952 without actually becoming the majority party again. It would not do them much good if some vigorous personality such as Eisenhower should capture the White House in 1952 if the party were to lose control of Congress in 1954.

This argument is supported by a wealth of corroborative detail collected by perhaps the most searching analysis ever made of twentieth-century election returns. Mr. Lubell's diligence is downright terrifying. He has processed the statistics of each of the more than three thousand counties in the United States since 1892, and has visited a vast number of them to supplement his

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figures with personal interviews. In the course of his labor he has turned up curious and sometimes startling lore in every section of the country and does frightful execution upon popular mythology.

Dead Hands, New Frontiers

For one thing, he shows how heavily the principle of mortmain lies upon the country, not merely in the late Confederacy but in New England and the Middle West as well. The dead hand obviously controls Maine and Vermont; but he thinks that what we call isolationism is really resentment of two wars against Germany and in aid of Britain. Perhaps subconsciously, German Americans and Irish Americans still react to Bismarck and Cromwell. Jefferson was wrong: The earth does not belong to the living, but in large part to the illustrious dead.

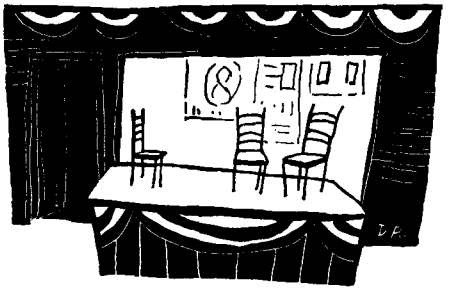
The most interesting idea in this book, however, is its description of the new frontier to be found in the cheap to moderately expensive suburbs of our great cities. A new middle class is arriving there, sons of the flood of immigrants who arrived in this country prior to the First World War. These children of the slums were organized by the Democratic bosses; now that they have grown prosperous and moved into better neighborhoods, they turn Republican only to a minor extent. Vast numbers remember only too clearly the depression of the early 1930's and which party came to their aid. Simultaneously Negroes arrived in Northern cities in great numbers and made common cause with the underprivileged of other races. Together, the more successful members of these groups now constitute a middle class that is far out of sympathy with traditional Republicanism.

These—and a dozen other cogent arguments not mentioned here—lead Lubell to develop a theory of political parties based on an astronomical analogy. The majority party, whatever its name, is the party of furious internal stresses, comparable to the violent activity of the sun, while the minority party, relatively quiescent, shines by reflected light. The moon party will remain the minority until the sun party explodes from its internal pressures.

It is an interesting theory, but it leads one to wonder if Mr. Lubell ever heard of the Madison Square Garden convention of 1924, or of the campaign of 1928. Indeed, as far back as the Presidency of Andrew Jackson, the party of battle, murder, and sudden death has been the Democratic, whether it was in power or out. Harmony has always been its unattainable ideal—as far back as 1908, sardonic critics set to the tune of "Tammany" a melodious description of a Democratic conclave:

Harmony, harmony!
Slug that guy from Tennessee!
Murder! Fire! Ouch! Oh, gee!
Harmony, harmony!
Throw out Ryan!
Kill Bill Bryan!
Ha-a-a-armon-e-e-e!

The truth is, Mr. Lubell himself more than once seems to share the



American capacity for ignoring the obvious. In analyzing the defeat of Senator Frank P. Graham of North Carolina two years ago, he works out a complicated theory of how the party bosses quit in the runoff primary. But he makes no mention of the fact that Bob Reynolds, the only genuine rabble rouser North Carolina sent to the Senate before Willis Smith, ran a poor third in the first primary and then threw his fifty thousand well-disciplined Ku Kluxers solidly against Graham in the second.

His estimate of Truman, again, is a combination of the remarkably acute and the remarkably obtuse. He sees Truman as "the man who bought time," who was furiously active in order to stand still. This is true; it was also true of Lincoln. But later he says of the President: "No shaper of history, he has been a remarkably sensitive instrument through which the tensions and conflicts of our times have registered."

No shaper of history! This of the man who ordered the atomic bomb dropped, who ordered the Communists held at any cost in Greece and Turkey, who adopted the Marshall Plan, who responded with the Airlift to the challenge at Berlin, who instantly accepted battle in Korea, who organized the North Atlantic alliance, who induced the nations of western Europe to unite for the common defense, and who fired MacArthur. The FEPC was blocked, but it will continue to shape domestic politics for years to come. Point Four has never been fully implemented, but it will affect our foreign policy indefinitely. This ineffective-seeming individual from Missouri has been by far the most prodigious shaper of American history since Lincoln—and I am not forgetting Woodrow Wilson and Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Time Will Tell

How well he has shaped it is, of course, another matter. If, as Mr. Lubell half suspects, time is working against us, it is going to be just too bad; but if, as is quite possible, time is in our favor, Truman will emerge as a great President. In either event, his hand has lain heavily upon our destiny, and its impress will not soon be removed. What Truman actually is will not be known for some years, not until we see what his efforts have produced; but it is already clear that he is not negligible. Unfortunately, that is precisely what the world thought he was in 1945, and many Americans, especially among the intelligentsia, cannot persuade themselves to give up that preconception. Even as shrewd an observer as Samuel Lubell seems a little bemused by this habit of thought.

Yet after you have given Mr. Lubell all the worst of it, his book remains a good one. Grant that he sometimes permits a beautiful theory to murder the brutal fact, grant that his political astronomy is Ptolemaic rather than Copernican, grant that he shares the common American tendency to look at Truman through the wrong end of the telescope—after all that you have not disposed of Lubell. He remains an assiduous and tireless collector of facts, therefore highly informative; he remains an ingenious and intelligent theorist, therefore interesting and stimulating; and he remains a highly competent writer, therefore easy to follow and frequently charming. After all, it is no commonplace book on politics that is at once informative, stimulating, and pleasant.

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The Proud, Hopeless People of Spain

CHARLES WERTENBAKER

THE FACE OF SPAIN by Gerald Brenan. *Pellegrini & Cudahy. $3.75.*

IT IS CURIOUS that Americans, who fought a war with Spain, who passionately took sides in Spain's Civil War, and who are now in the process of lining up with Spain in case of another war, will not read books about Spain. Gerald Brenan's *Spanish Labyrinth,* the one indispensable book to a foreigner who would understand that country, has long been out of print, and his *The Face of Spain* has not sold out a modest first printing of three thousand copies since its publication last October. The last eight months have been months of negotiation to bring Spain into at least an informal alliance with the United States, and it seems too bad that more Americans haven't bothered to find out what sort of people our potential allies are.

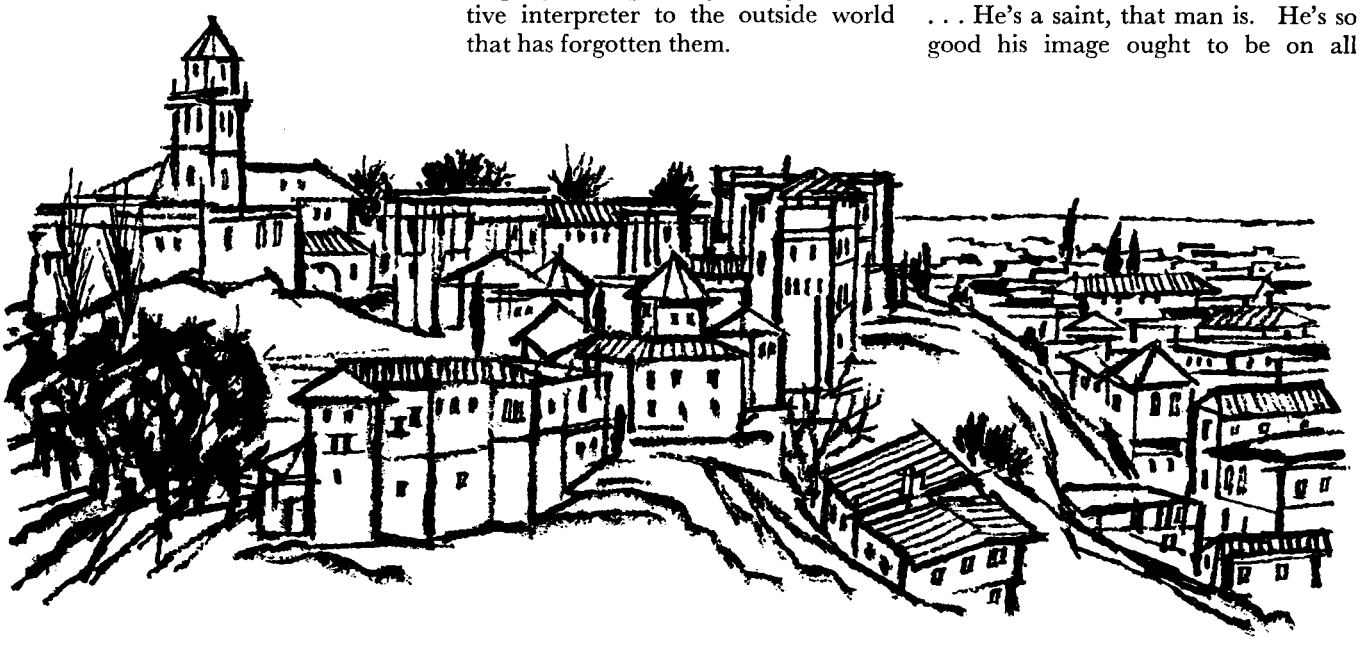
Brenan, an Englishman who lived six years in Primo de Rivera's Spain of the 1920's and another three or four under the Republic, went back in the spring of 1948 to see the Spain of Francisco Franco. He flew to Madrid, then traveled by train and bus south to Cordova, Málaga, Granada, and the hill towns of Andalusia, north again to Don Quixote's La Mancha, then west to Madrid by way of Talavera and Toledo.

The Blind St. Franco

Brenan covered a good deal of territory not seen by the average tourist and kept out of the luxury hotels and the even more luxurious inns the government runs for the tourists. He did not intend to write about politics, he says. "I was tired of politics, especially of the hopeless politics of the Peninsula . . ." But he was "besieged" by people who wanted to talk about the political situation; he listened, and kept a diary of what he was told. It is these conversations that make the book so important, because in them the Spanish people are speaking through a sensitive interpreter to the outside world that has forgotten them.

The term "outside world" is used advisedly, although what the Spanish people are hidden behind is not so much a curtain as a comforter. It is easy enough to spend years in Spain—and many diplomats and newspapermen do it—without seeing more than a beautiful and romantic country of bullfights, flamenco, lavish living, smart resorts, and cheap servants. In fact, Brenan offers, for what it is worth, testimony that even the Caudillo sees little more than that.

Brenan is no sooner out of Madrid than a Falangist doctor sitting opposite him on the train is complaining that the Reds didn't shoot enough landowners; they won't pay a living wage, says the doctor, and that is why Spain is so poor. The doctor, who has been to Russia, admits that not even there did he see people as miserable as a crowd on the station platform at Andújar. But when Brenan suggests that Franco might do something about it, the doctor breaks out: "Ah, Franco! . . . He's a saint, that man is. He's so good his image ought to be on all



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altars. . . . But he doesn't know what's going on round him. Poor man, he's always surrounded by his guards, has to travel in a bullet-proof car and see Spain from hoardings and balconies. If only he could step just once into a bar or café and listen to what the people were saying, the country would change overnight."

The doctor readily agrees that some of the people around the Generalissimo are robbing the country, then adds: "But Franco doesn't know this. He is *muy caballero,* a very great gentleman and trusts the people round him. And this is how they repay his confidence!"

"It is strange," remarks Brenan drily of the doctor, "that fanatics, because they live tragically, should often be more likeable than reasonable and balanced people."

'Too Weak . . . to Wash'

In Cordova a schoolmaster took Brenan to visit a secondary school. "This school was housed in a magnificent building with a large interior court. All the children in it were well dressed and came from middle-class families, so I asked . . . whether any working-class children found their way here.

" 'Very rarely,' he replied. 'These children all come from the primary schools run by the Church. In most of these one has to pay something, but one gets a fine education. The state primary schools today are so neglected that the children who go to them make no progress. This suits everyone: the Church sees its schools well sought after and the ruling classes are pleased to have the poor kept in their place. Most of the children of the poor grow up without learning how to read or write.' "

"One cannot walk about the streets of Cordova," says Brenan, "without being horrified by the poverty. The standard of life has always been very low among the agricultural workers of this part of Spain, but this is worse, far, far worse than anything known within living memory. One sees men and women whose faces and bodies are coated with dirt because they are too weak or too sunk in despair to wash in water. One sees children of ten with wizened faces, women of thirty who are already hags . . .

"Most dreadful are those who creep about the streets without arms or legs. The government provides a small pension for those who lost their limbs on their side, but those who were involved with the Reds, even if they are women or children, get nothing. The insurance scheme only caters to those workmen who have regular employment. Agricultural laborers, small shopkeepers, street vendors, bootblacks get nothing. If they fall ill, they will not even be taken into a hospital unless they can pay. A bootblack said to me:

" 'When the Civil War broke out, I had some money saved up. Then, after the Nationalist victory, all the currency in the Red zone was annulled and I lost it. Now I am getting old. I have no children and if I fall ill there is nothing left for me but to die of starvation. So I mean to try to get to France, where they treat people more humanely.' "

Outside the Monastery

Again and again this face of Spain burns itself into the traveler's memory, making him wonder what right he has to eat and drink well in its presence. At Lucena, one of the hill towns of Andalusia, Brenan was particularly horrified by the women. "In all the side streets one could see them, dressed in rags that had never been women's clothes—potato sacks, scraps of Army blanket, moldering remains of soldiers' greatcoats—with their legs and faces caked in dirt . . . The babies they carried were pinched and emaciated and even the young marriageable girls were in no better way, but walked the streets in the same strips of cloth fastened together with safety pins which the married women wore. Were these Spaniards? . . . Were these members of that proud and modest race for whom twelve years ago even a stockingless leg was regarded as an iniquity? No, they were a pariah class . . . a class who, I was told, never entered a church or

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married or baptized their children because they could not either pay the priest's fees or cover their bodies sufficiently. Yet in the town there was a monastery of Franciscans!"

At Torremolinos, outside Málaga, Brenan went to call on two old friends, the Washbrooks, who in the Civil War had taken the side of Franco and left the country. "Anything tinged however lightly with Red was anathema to them and I was therefore specially curious to learn their opinion of the present state of affairs." He soon learned.

Said Mrs. Washbrook, a Spanish woman: "Give the people enough bread and olive oil and you would never hear a word of complaint. But they have neither bread nor oil, so naturally they are all Communists. If I were a workingman, I would be one too."

And her husband, a New Englander:

"That's it, that's it. The people in power here seem to have no idea of what they are doing. We are living on a volcano. Everything is headed for a tremendous eruption."

"But unless the Russians come here," said Brenan, "what eruption can there be?"

"No, no, I say. You can't go on like this forever. Something is bound to happen. And then we shall have to pack our bags . . ."

'Beatings and More Beatings'

His first day in La Mancha, walking along a road outside Pozoblanco, Brenan struck up a conversation with two agricultural workers sitting beside the road. "The only hope," said the younger of them, "lies in emigration. . . . I would like to go to France, but the frontier is too well guarded. A few weeks ago they caught some young men from this town trying to cross it. Well, you know what that means! Beatings and more beatings and more beatings. And then a prison sentence that takes ten years out of your life."

"If only we could get back to the times of Primo de Rivera," put in the elder man. ". . . He built roads, railways, irrigation works and saw that the working man got good wages. . . ."

"You English are to blame," the young man said. "You defeated Fascism in Germany but you left it in power here. You had only to flick your fingers and Franco would have gone and the Republic come back. . . . Now our only hope lies in Russia. . . ."

"For example," said the elder, "do you know what we have eaten today? A few scraps of bread with some bad oranges. Tonight we shall go home and the wife will have a little flour and beans cooked in water to give us. No oil, as our ration is finished. But the cruel thing is that this hunger is destroying family life. The children cry, their mother beats them and everyone scolds everyone else. There used to be a great deal of love and affection in our families, but there is little now. We are becoming brutalized."

"That's what they want," said the young man. "They want to destroy our human nature. They want to turn us into animals. . . . And meanwhile the rich . . . do nothing but eat and drink, drive about in cars, and seduce our women. These are the people you English keep in power over us."

'Badly, Badly . . .'

Back at the inn, Brenan made friends with the innkeeper and his brother—"two sensible, well-informed men who listen to the B.B.C. Spanish program every day. In the war they supported the Nationalists—a natural attitude in a district where all the Republicans were working-class and Socialists—but, although they profess admiration for Franco, they do not conceal their belief that all the men round him are robbers. (This opinion is almost universal.) I asked them if they thought it would be a good thing if the Americans offered Spain a loan.

" 'If they give it,' they replied, 'let them control very strictly the way in which it is spent. Otherwise every penny of it will go into the pockets of this gentry.' "

And so it went, across the country and back to Madrid. In Ciudad Real an elderly, well-dressed man accepted Brenan's offer of a drink and said: "You ask how we live. Well, badly, badly. . . . When you meet a man walking down the street, how can you tell if he has eaten that day? People here are proud and hide their poverty. They spend their last penny on their clothes and walk about all day to keep the pangs of hunger down."

A chauffeur in the same city: "This is a country of cannibals, in which one half of the population eats the other half. As I am an eater, or at least a nibbler, I belong to the Right!"

A Story for Congress

An old Monarchist showing Brenan around the Moorish Castle at Badajoz: "I tell you that things couldn't be worse here than they are. One can't live, one can't eat. Everyone is starving—everyone, that is, except the people who are plundering the country. Never, never, has Spain sunk so low before. And there's nothing to be done. So long as *ese hombre,* that man, is at the head of things, there's no hope. You're a foreigner—tell me, why don't the other nations do something to help us?"

Another chauffeur, in Mérida, told Brenan a story that might conceivably be of interest to the Congress that voted Franco a loan: "In this town there is a family who have lost all their money by gambling. . . . Yet they own a large house full of pictures . . . So they make up their minds to sell them and send for the dealers. The dealers

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. . . make their offer. But this offer doesn't please the owners at all. 'What,' they exclaim, 'that's all you'll give! Why, these things that have come down to us from our ancestors are worth twenty times more. We'd rather starve than let them go for less than their proper value!' . . . Now I've often thought to myself that this family is like the Spanish nation. We are proud, very proud. We think that we are worth a lot, and in the eyes of the world we are worth very little. So if some foreign nation were to come along and offer us a loan on reasonable terms—such as for example that we should put our affairs in order a little bit—we'd drive them away from the door with insults."

"Yes," Brenan added, "and then ask them to come round quietly to the back entrance."

'You Must Get Ready to Die . . .'

Brenan has written as a lover of a land and its people, not from a Spanish Republican, certainly not from a left-wing, point of view. Nobody knows better than he that the Republic is as dead as the Confederacy. Although he expresses no opinion of his own as to what sort of government would be best for Spain, his sympathies seem to lie with the old man beside the road who longed for another Primo de Rivera—who was a wise dictator under a foolish king.

The Spaniards know that the West could have given them, if not another Republic, at least a king who appears to be more enlightened than his father, and in their misery they are as bitter as the younger man: "Our only hope lies with Russia"—that is a line for the West to remember.

When Brenan reports on incidents of the Civil War, he condemns atrocities on both sides impartially. His search for the burial place of his friend Federico García Lorca, the poet who was murdered by the Nationalists, is the most moving passage in the book (it was published as a single piece in the *New Yorker*), but a close second is his account of the ultimatum the Republican Militia sent to General Moscardó in the Alcázar at Toledo. "The Commander rang up the General to inform him that his son, a boy of seventeen, would be shot unless he surrendered the Alcázar, and, to make the threat more actual, brought the boy to the telephone to speak to his father. . . . 'You must get ready to die,' the General said, and the son replied, 'Yes, father, I will.' He was then taken out and shot."

Franco's Prayers

Since Brenan made his unhappy pilgrimage there has been a slight change for the better in Spain. Last year a series of strikes, supported in most cases by employers and in many cases by the Church, brought Franco close to the end of his dictatorial rope. As is his custom, the dictator held on and prayed, and God and the international situation saved him. The United States obliged him with a loan, and God obliged him with a fine harvest. This year's tourists are finding much more to buy with their cheaply purchased pesetas, and Spain on the surface seems more colorful and romantic than ever. "Things look much better than when you were here [1950]," a Spanish friend wrote me the other day, "but for the Spaniard life is still very hard."

Beneath the plight of this proud and miserable people lies something that Brenan, brooding on it, cannot blame entirely on their miserable government, or even on the democratic countries that have left such a government in power. "The deep melancholia, the religious obsession, the abysmal emptiness and nothingness that one so often sees graven on [Spanish] faces are of a different kind to anything that one sees elsewhere in Europe. And what of the strange blood lust that, as the Civil War and the Carlist War and the Napoleonic War all show, comes over them on particular occasions—that morose, half sexual, half religious passion in which they associate themselves with Death and do his work for him? Yes, they have their own brands of cruelty and delicacy and melancholy and extravagance, which are often as difficult for us to see with our daylight-fed eyes as is a nighttime landscape.

"For there are two sides to the Spanish soul corresponding, as it were, to day and night. The daylight Spaniard is the man one sees—sociable, positive, capable of great bursts of energy and animation, often rather eighteenth century in character and not very imaginative. . . . The other side of the Spanish nature one does not see, because it rarely shows itself on the surface. But one can easily divine it, for it is its silent welling up into the consciousness that gives to Spanish things that strange and unaccountable accent which everyone recognizes. I call it the night side of the Spanish soul—although I might equally well call it the seventeenth-century side—because it is associated with thoughts of death and contempt for life.

"*Menosprecio de la vida,* disdain for life! That phrase is like a bell that tolls its way through Spanish history."

And, one feels on closing this sad, profound, and shocking book, will toll again.

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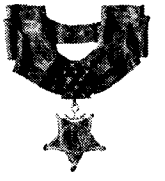
Lt. Colonel Reginald R. Myers, USMC Medal of Honor



OUR MARINES' LIFELINE to the sea was in danger. A Communist force of 4,000 men had seized the key hill overlooking Hagaru-ri in the desperate Chosin Reservoir fighting. The hill had to be taken. But there were no combat forces available to make the fight.

Lieutenant Colonel Myers, then a major, rallied together clerks, cooks, and other service personnel, and led a makeshift unit of 250 men in an assault up the snow-covered 600-foot hill. Lacking combat officers and non-coms, Colonel Myers ranged the entire attacking front, leading his outnumbered forces upward in the face of murderous fire concentrated on him. After 14 hours of bitter struggle, the enemy was routed, the hill captured, and the route to the sea secured. Colonel Myers says:

"When a handful of men can help turn the tide of history, just think of the invincible strength of 150 million people working toward a common goal—a secure America! That's what you, and millions of people like you, are accomplishing with your successful 50-billion-dollar investment in United States Defense Bonds.

"Peace doesn't just happen—it requires work. Our troops in Korea are doing their part of the job. You're doing yours when you buy United States Defense Bonds. Together, we can hammer out the peace we're all working for."

* * *

Now E Bonds earn more! 1) All Series E Bonds bought after May 1, 1952 average 3% interest, compounded semiannually! Interest now starts after 6 months and is higher in the early years. 2) *All maturing E Bonds* automatically go on earning *after maturity*—and at the new higher interest! Today, start investing in better-paying Series E Bonds through the Payroll Savings Plan where you work or the Bond-A-Month Plan where you bank!

Peace is for the strong! For peace and prosperity save with U.S. Defense Bonds!

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It is difficult to write a definition of the American way.
But it is easy to find good examples. Here is one:

BY 1970... A TRILLION?

"Butcher, butcher, kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home tonight!"

KEEP this nursery rhyme firmly in mind, and it will be easier to understand a dramatic and similar chain reaction now happening in America.

Like the old lady in the rhyme, Uncle Sam wants action—steel, aluminum, defense production. Two billion pounds or more of aluminum this year, for example.

...But we won't get more aluminum without more plants.

...But plants won't run unless we have more electricity—and lots of it. (For instance, just to make the aluminum planned this year, it will take as much electricity as 125 million homes would use.)

...But there won't be this electricity unless we have more turbines and generators to make it.

...But there won't be more turbines and generators coming into towns on flatcars unless somebody had started making them more than a year ago. It normally takes 64 weeks to build a modern turbine-generator, even after design and engineering have been done.

...But a lot of these extra turbine-generators couldn't have been started over a year ago unless people in the electrical industry had started expanding their plants several years before that.

Now we come to things that kept this chain reaction from fizzling out:

The aluminum industry *did* forecast increasing uses for aluminum, and planned expansion.

People in the electric utility business *did* forecast America's needs for electric power up to five years ahead, and placed orders.

The electrical industry *did* forecast what it would take to build the turbines and generators the utilities would need. Six years ago, in the pessimistic postwar year of 1946, General Electric broke ground for a vast new turbine plant. When this was completed in 1950, General Electric's turbine-manufacturing capacity was upped 60 per cent.

So it looks as if Uncle Sam will get his two billion pounds of aluminum this year. A lot more than we could produce in a hurry unless some people had acted on the right hunch about America's needs—five or six years ago.

We wrote this story about aluminum. We could have written the story about steel, or chemicals. America's electric generating capacity must backstop them all.

That's why electric output is a good measure of a nation's current productive strength.

Here are some figures worth thinking about:

U.S. electric output in kilowatt-hours

1940	140 billion
1950	330 billion
1960	600 billion (est.)
1970	one trillion?

A trillion kilowatt-hours of electric power for America by 1970? When business foresight is added to research and engineering under a free economy, things like this can happen.

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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